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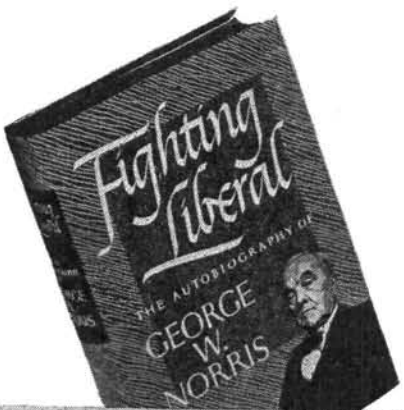

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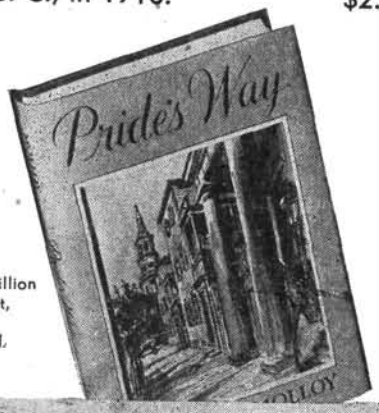

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVIII, No. 20, May 19, 1945. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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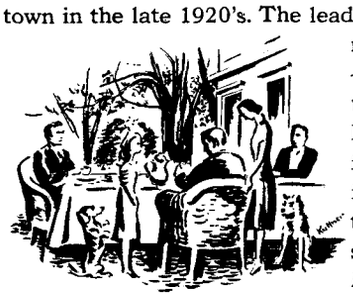

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Taps is not enough

by Carl Carmer

Here is the first part of the text of a radio verse-drama by CARL CARMER *which was presented over the CBS network on the evening of V-E Day, May 8, 1945.*

Narrator Now—in the stillness—when the guns have ceased
Their heavy beat upon the shaken air,
There is something to be said—a something
Sounding strange and lonely. Say it here.
Say it quietly; but let no sound—
No clangor of rejoicing carillons
Nor screams of whistles, nor the shouts of men—
Drown out one syllable. Say it to him—
You know the one I mean. This is his hour,
Although his ears no longer hear its sounds,
His eyes no longer see its blessèd light.
Oh, in a moment we'll be glad enough,
Dance in our streets and drink our liquor down,
Sing our gay songs, our arms about each other,
But first, this something must be said to him
Who lies in earth—not ours—and far away.

Woman Let it be tender—for his gift to us
Was not to know a woman's arms again.
I do not know how I can say to him
The simple things—like that—which mean so much,
But, being said, sound false and insincere.
How can I say, "You gave the things you loved,"
And say, "We know, because we love them too,"
And say, "Do you remember this or that?"
Whisper of corn along the moonlit road,
First break of sun on the upland pasture lot,
Jigging of fiddles on a Saturday night,
Or hand-organs singing rainy Spring
Into gray city streets, wet and dull-gleaming,
The trays of yellow jonquils in the dusk
Of subway stations, and the sound of feet
Walking the pavements till the night is gone.

Soldier *You'd better make it honest.* I suppose
He may have liked those things. He never said.
He might have felt that way with a girl along.
But I was with him up to the bloody end,
And he talked most about the job he had,
And big-league baseball, and of getting leave
To go back home and see his family.
If you ask *me,* these were the things he gave.

Narrator You say he gave these things—gave them for what?
For blueberry pie and all the other symbols
Of life at home? Well, they had been endangered.
He lost his life to save them. We say thanks.
Is this the word that we would send to him
Lying in alien ground, still and alone,
Upon this breathless day of victory,
Taking a minute from our celebrating
To keep a proper silence and remember?
Is there no going under surfaces
To find a man? What of the deeper things
He felt but did not say to anyone?

Soldier How can you tell about such things as those
Except by words he let drop here and there?
Well—once he said we had a job to do.
The sooner done, the better for us all.

Narrator And if we knew just what he meant by that,
If those three letters—j-o-b—would stand
Shining within our minds with all the light
That his mind gave them, we should feel at last
We had come near him, we might somehow hear
The answer he would make to what we say.

Woman I think I know. My memory—and yours—
Recalls another war—to end all wars,
Some said. This was the same. Warfare is evil.
Down the wide dusty highway of the years
The glutted armies move, and leave behind
Such horrors as may not yet be believed.
Look on the little towns—emptied by murder.
Long standing lines of harmless innocents
Waiting—and oh so patiently—for graves.
Misshapen bodies of the living dead,
And starving children crying hopelessly
Beside their lifeless mothers. That is why,
With all his love of men and hate of greed,
This soldier fought until his blood was poured
And he was gone—to rid this world of war.

Soldier He never said so, though he hated war.
But ending it was not enough for him—
Nor me, for that matter. Oh, I can see
A world so safeguarded against new wars
That they will not take place, and yet so sick
With rancid thought that men will live afraid—
Fearing the hooded mob, the snob's quick sneer,
The gangster's trickery; fearing the white man,
Fearing the black, the yellow, and the brown.
You cannot call this world a place of peace
Because there are no wars—not while men work
For less than a living wage; not while men find
Too often they are judged among their fellows
By color of their skins and not by texture
Of their minds; not while men starve to death
While others waste their food; not while men rule
With purchased power. This man who lies somewhere...

Henry Holt and Company will issue a small edition of the complete *text of this poem on May 21 at* $1.00.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Books as Bridges

The Opportunity for Increased Interchange Between America and Britain

JOHN G. WINANT

So much has been said and written, with such eloquence, on the importance of books that there is danger lest the mere repetition of the words helps us to forget the living fact. Neither the newspaper, nor the radio, nor any new marvel which science may give us tomorrow, will take the place of the book as a creator of mind and character. This was true in the Middle Ages, when there were few books, when Aristotle was "the philosopher" and Virgil "the poet," when Plato's "Timaeus" plus a few scattered quotations from that author formed a rallying ground for the impetuous and dissident young.

This was true at the Reformation, when the Bible itself became a subject for war and revolution. It was true in the eighteenth century, when books had become more plentiful, and when the French Encyclopedists not only made a physical revolution in their own country, and helped to stimulate one in ours, but made a moral revolution throughout the Western world.

It was true again in the nineteenth century, when the spread of education had created an immense reading public and books were as plentiful as Vallombrosa's leaves, when "The Origin of Species" and "Das Kapital" did more to mold history than the armies of Prussia.

And today isn't it true that the spirit, and even the physical form, of the latest German assault was in part determined by two books: Spengler's "Decline of the West" and Hitler's "Mein Kampf"? Certainly the spirit of resistance which met and conquered this assault, in all our countries, has been nourished in no small part by books.

The character of England, so baffling to her enemies, has been made by the poets even more than by the commerce or the conquests of England. The birth and growth, the pains and struggles and grandeur of America, can be symbolized in the titles of books: Tom Paine's "Crisis," and the *Federalist* papers, for example; and Senator Benton's "Memoirs," and "The Oregon Trail"; "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Calhoun's essays on government; Walt Whitman's poems, and Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle"; "Main Street," and Willkie's "One World." Everyone will have his own list, but clearly the life of our nation has been influenced as well as mirrored by our books.

And is there not probably a relation between the extraordinary resistance of Russia and the extraordinary efforts recently made to teach the whole nation to read, and thus to find in the record of its past new fuel for national strength and pride?

—Harris and Ewing

John G. Winant: "Our enemies paid the highest tribute which barbarians can pay to books when they heaped them up in public squares and burned them."

There is no need to undervalue other methods of expression, other ways of using the word, in order to praise the book. Yet no matter how great the accomplishments and the value of the press, the platform, the radio, the theatre, and the movies, the book can lend to ideas a unique authority. The effect need not be rapid; but it is deep, and in some cases permanent. Our enemies paid the highest tribute which barbarians can pay to books when they heaped them up in public squares and burned them. The armed services of the Allies have paid the tribute of civilized man by demanding more books than it has been possible to supply.

IN this connection, and without criticizing the decisions which war forced upon Great Britain and later upon the United States, I sincerely hope that it will soon be possible to relax restrictions on the paper and the labor needed by the publishing trade. We of the United Nations, who are trying to feel our way toward a wiser and more brotherly relationship among peoples, have a right to feel impatient for the day when we may again have a wide and free circulation of books. If our enemy's books helped make this war, the books of our friends can help make the peace for which we fight.

The paper on which books are printed is a powerful weapon for bad or good. The enemy used it to corrode man's spirit; we must use it to build our desired world of reason and light. Yet there is a danger that the need for this paper may be forgotten for a time among the manifold and pressing needs of an exhausted world. I feel we should keep it high on our list of priorities, close after the need for food and houses and a restored family life.

We have a lot of thinking to do together, a lot of plans and criticisms of plans to exchange among each other, if we are to find our way out of the maze of wars and misunderstandings through which man has wandered for five millenniums. How are we to do this essential work if we cannot exchange books in large numbers?

When the day comes on which we can have back our paper, and gratefully resume ordinary commercial relations in this vital trade, I feel we must work to make the exchange of books more fruitful than ever. In Great Britain there is an organization called the Book Export Schemes, Ltd., a co-

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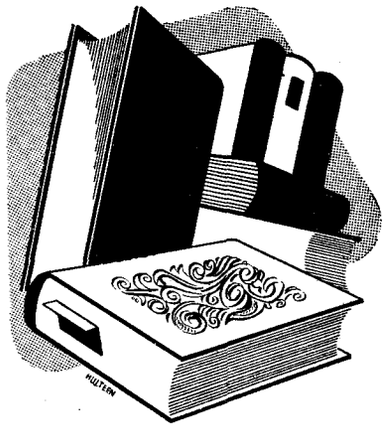


operative enterprise for making British books available throughout the world. In America we have just formed a similar organization, called the United States International Book Association. Without trying to tell publishers how to run their business, or what is best for them, I cannot help wondering whether these two organizations, each forwarding the interests of their own members, may not help to set a pattern for a new type of coöperative competition, or competitive coöperation.

It seems to me that whenever the English publishers gain new readers for their books, or the American publishers gain new readers for our books, we must both benefit, since the most important thing which has happened is that new readers have been gained for books in the English language. And perhaps it is not over-boastful to say that the new readers may also benefit, since a considerable number of the world's greatest books have been written in our common language, and since that language is by no means moribund today.

If we both continue to produce good people, and therefore good books, surely it is true that we can never swamp each other's market, that we can only open up new fields for us both to explore in common. Every time a citizen of a non-English speaking country reads a book in the English language, the publishers in both our countries acquire a new customer. And the rest of us, the citizens of both our countries, acquire a new responsibility: to live and think in such a way that the customers receive worthy goods. On the whole, good books (the sort of books that help build a wiser, fairer world) can only be written in a good nation.

If the publishing trade can set the example of coöperative competition, we may find that many other trades can follow. But here, clearly, is the best place to begin, in a trade which deals with a produce which cannot be

(*Continued on page* 34)

Reopening in Paris

ARTHUR BRENTANO

PARIS
(By Cable)

AT 11:00 A. M., April 19, 1945, an American sergeant walked into the doorway of Brentano's Bookstore, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, and purchased two Penguin books—Thoreau's "Walden" and "City of Beautiful Nonsense"—and walked out again. He didn't know it but he was the first customer in our shop, which had just reopened for business after a wartime hiatus of slightly less than five years. I wasn't at hand at the time or I would have seen to it that the sergeant's arrival was properly recognized.

The fact that Brentano's is open at all is a tribute to the faithful French employees who watched Germans enter Paris that grim June day in 1940 and who stood by loyally throughout the occupation, saving what they could —and that was considerable—from the hands of the Nazis.

Our reopening was also the culmination of two months of the hardest work I have ever done, ranging from delicate diplomacy with scores of French officials down to plain and rugged manual labor in the cellars of our unheated, unlighted premises.

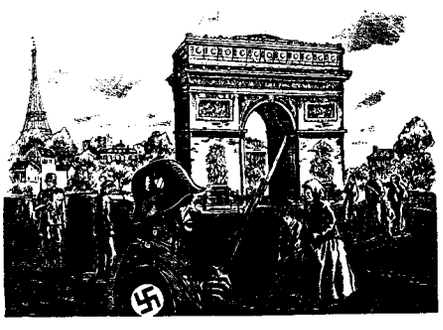
When I first looked at our shop on that first dark bitter cold day this February, it was hardly recognizable. The iron gate was closed forbiddingly across the front entrance, the windows were hollow and dirty, and only one gold letter of our house name—B—had been cleared of Nazi black paint that had covered it so long. One of the first things I did was to get Michel Jacob, our concierge, to complete the unveiling, and when the full name Brentano shone again across the façade, I felt I had at least established my beachhead and planted my flag.

I had been prepared for the worst when I reëntered the store, but it was reassuring to find on hand Monsieur and Madame Jacob who had remained in their concierge apartment all through the siege, and to find awaiting me Mademoiselle Marthe Bataille, our office secretary, ready to resume work where she had left off when Paris fell. It was from them that I learned how Brentano's had fared under the Germans—a rather singular story.

No sooner had the Wehrmacht taken over France's capital, than some stiff-necked German officers arrived at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, announcing that it was now under the supervision of the Reich. Soon thereafter, another Von Stroheim character presented himself as representing the "Beschauffungstamt des Deutschen Bibliotheken" and proceeded to place an order for books presumably needed for the furtherance of Nazi culture. This order, efficiently itemized, runs to 119 pages—fifty items to a page—and is one of my treasured souvenirs, not only because it bears the satisfying stamp "Paid," but because this was one of those out of character Hitlerian transactions conducted legally and 755 thousand francs went into our till before the trucks backed up to the door to carry off the purchase.

This list of books might possibly interest a psychologist trying to decipher Nazi character—but after hasty perusal it proves little to me except that Nazi tastes are catholic. Selections ranged from the unexpurgated "Lady Chatterley's Lover" to 349 assorted volumes in Everyman's Library, from numerous volumes of art reproductions to a 900-franc edition of Fuchs's "Die Grossen Meister der Erotik."

Not that the Nazis paid for all their Brentano loot by any means. First to be packed off to Germany from our stocks were all leather goods, stationery, American fountain pens, etc., and, not surprisingly, nearly all Baedekers, other guidebooks, encyclopedias, atlases, dictionaries, and our large supply maps. How many other items they confiiscated without so much as an IOU we may never know—certainly not until we have finished digging through mountains of Brentano stock that was stored in the rear and in the basement before the Nazis began pillaging. This salvage, by the way, seems to amount to some one-third of what was on hand when operations ceased in 1940, and to my pleasant surprise includes some valuable works such as Jacques Bainville's illustrated history of France in full leather binding and a 1912 Van Oest edition of "Les Dessins de Jacopo Bellini." I have also come across some 500-odd volumes of classics in good English leather bind-



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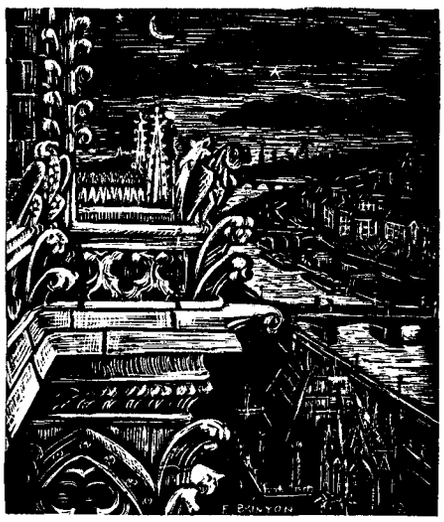
ings carefully wrapped and stacked beside piles of June, 1940 issues of American magazines.

Having taken what interested them, the Nazis moved our fixtures and remaining stock into the Rue des Petits Champs side of the building and converted the main stores into the official film and camera supply center for the Wehrmacht in Paris, where visiting Soldaten could bring their films for development or even have their porcine faces recorded on postcards to send home. In rummaging around the odds and ends they left behind, I found hundreds of such camera portraits which had not been called for by their hurriedly departing subjects. There was a large 1944 calendar hanging in the main salesroom, incidentally with each day carefully marked off—up to August 9.

My first task was to find out what stock I had to open business with, and then to get the house in order both legally and physically. The latter was no mean task in itself, since the Germans had completely altered the main floor—bricking up the passage that led from the front to the rear buildings, then erecting darkrooms and laboratories for film processing. Before we could sell books to the public again, all this had to be ripped out, electric wiring reinstalled, fixtures replaced. And in present disorganized Paris, just getting a new fuse installed becomes a problem of high logistics. In order to get anything done, one first must have official papers—reams of them—properly stamped and countersigned. I must have walked leagues through echoing halls of heatless government offices pleading with shivering officials for the proper authorization to employ a plumber or carpenter. And with these in hand, the workers themselves had to be found and persuaded to get to work.

As a plain civilian American in a militarized foreign city, I had to live in a vast but heatless hotel and spend my days in the murky, gelid confines of Brentano's basement, digging among stacks of dusty but otherwise undamaged volumes. After my arrival, I prospected the shelves, drawers, and desks of the section occupied by the Germans, hoping they might have left something of value behind. An American newspaperman and I investigated every nook and cranny, but all we got for our pains were some lens filters and a few rolls of unexposed German film. It occurred to us when we had finished that the place might just as well as not have been booby trapped so we felt that we had been lucky in a way after all.

Slowly the Brentano's of old began to emerge as workmen tore down the Nazi-built partitions and carried our showcases and fixtures back into the



main store while I spent weeks in search of that all-important document, the "carte de commercente," without which no man may do business in France. This required endless conferences and letters, not to mention the filling out of scores of questionnaires so complicated they would make a Washington bureaucrat feel like a rank amateur. There were minor problems such as getting heat (this was solved by the purchase of a decrepit but willing oil stove), and getting a telephone installed. (This would seem a simple enough operation since the lines and equipment are already installed, but this is France. We still have no telephone.)

There were several pleasant surprises. In the course of my wanderings through official channels I discovered that the German photo shop had operated at a profit of one million francs (twenty thousand dollars) which they had deposited in an agency known as the Aera Bank—and had left said profit behind when they fled Paris. In a fine Gallic gesture, the French authorities turned this money over to us.

Then shortly before I was ready to open our doors to the public again a truck drove up, making belated delivery of a shipment of some 500 books which had been consigned to us in London on May 10, 1940, and despite German invasion had found their way to a warehouse where they had been stored ever since.

It was not until early April that Brentano's began to look like a bookstore again. Each morning I carry a few armloads of books from the back of the store and place them on shelves which are gradually filling out. We have a presentable selection of Penguin, Everyman, and Albatross editions, assorted novels, and juvenile sets. Personnel is still a problem, but when I get more help I hope to have a wider range of offerings. Demand is greatest for Penguin editions which have long since disappeared from the shelves of booksellers who remained in business during the occupation.

The problem of pricing this merchandise is no simple one, but the fairest and simplest formula has been simply to mark up each item 500 percent of its pre-war price. This is far more than we would charge for the same book in New York, but it brings us in line with the present prices charged by other Paris bookstores since inflation hit France. Also to keep our inventory up, I have been buying books here—at prices that would horrify our late Paris manager, James Messenger, who did not live to see Brentano's liberated.

I am hopeful that within three months we will be able to import books from the United States, but meanwhile we will have to get along on what's on hand.

In one thing, however, we take especial pride: Brentano's was the first all-American retail establishment in Paris to resume business after the liberation of France.

Pierlot, Papandreou, Bonomi

By Nym Wales

WHO are these coming to the sacrifice,
now that the blood is shed?
Who are these coming to the sacrifice,
tramping over the wounded and dead?

Here on the high altar of hope
Victory has been laid—
who are these coming to claim a share,
smelling of money and trade?

Whose are these ugly claws of greed,
stretched out soiled and profane?
The living stone shrinks from their touch
with sickened white disdain.

Here in the clean, hard hands of toil
of the men who work and fight,
here is where Victory belongs.
Who shall deny their right?

This Victory belongs to them.
Who bargains it away?
Turns their altar to an auction-block,
sells tomorrow for yesterday?

Who are these coming to the sacrifice,
that neither worked nor fought?
Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
Accept them we shall not.

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A Mood from the Dim Past

DAY OF PARIS. By Andre Kertesz and George Davis. New York: J. J. Augustin, Inc. 1945. 146 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by ELLIOT PAUL

THIS selection of 147 photographs by that master of the still camera, Andre Kertesz, is a melancholy mood that has been inherited from the dim past and in the tragic immediate past and chaotic present has become a memory and a refuge. It is the lost Paris of the thinker who is uncertain of himself and of the wanderer who finds himself unwilling to move on, the eternal stranger who found welcome in being ignored and peace in detachment.

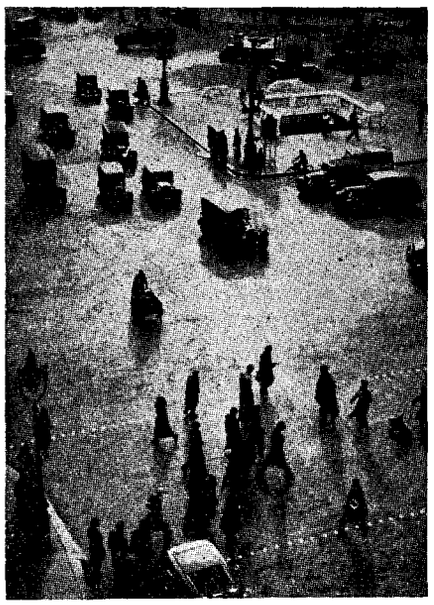
There cannot be too much preserved of the Paris between world wars. Kertesz has not concerned himself with monuments but with landmarks, not with buildings but corners and surfaces of buildings, not with labor but with idleness. In an age where no man dares relax, or think frivolously, this presentation of a subjective Paris is balm to throbbing nerves, and carries the thrill of the vastly dangerous.

In the stormiest times of the history books, other books have come to light, to indicate that men were also contemplative, that life was not exclusively a race with time, that ideas were not all harsh. This has happened before, and, although just now all activity except the righteous and violent, or unrighteous and violent, has been suspended, the future will contain andantes as well as discordant prestos.

What I felt, in looking at Kertesz's pictures, was a renewed conviction that, whatever improvements are made in the post-war world, much of the past can be retained with profit. No one who is candid with himself ever hopes that experience will be like the memory of pleasant past experience, or the idyllic descriptions or poems of an age gone by. That hope is impossible because its realization is impossible, a contradiction of the law of human nature that man first conceives, then achieves. When has anyone been fervent about copying something?

The best we can expect, if and when our century turns its golden side upward, is that elements of human contentment will not be refused admission merely because their dates coincided with the most abject human performances and universal suffering, or the preparation for disaster.

This collection of photographs, each one of which has claim to the distinction of art, was chosen when the artist was obliged to leave Paris, just before Paris for a time abandoned itself. They are his favorites from hundreds and even thousands he took in the course of the preceding ten years. The total represents not Paris, the political capital of France, not Paris at work, or Paris at play. Someone with Kertesz's eyes is walking through Paris as if the city and its inhabitants were visible but not-existent otherwise.



—From the book

The figures that arrest his eye are walking. No one is doing anything useful, there are no large crowds. Once in a while, George Davis, the editor, lets his imagination touch on reality a bit unjustly, as in commenting on a group on the terrasse of the Café du Dôme, he singles out as "a funny old artist with the wild haircut" who will assassinate a prime minister, a mild, middle-aged Hungarian painter (and a good one) named Tihyani, who never had a political thought or hurt a fly.

The comments on the pictures are personal, and may be superseded by those of whoever is perusing the volume. For those who did not know Paris, except in books and on the screen, Mr. Davis's lines will not be misleading. If they are out of key with the text, with a little forced irony and cleverness, it is because the camera and typewriter are different instruments.

Paris afforded opportunities and sites for tranquillity that bards have traditionally associated with the pastoral areas, the great open spaces, the forests, or the sea in hours of calm. Actually, men from everywhere who found that life was becoming unduly complicated, went to Paris to simplify their conceptions and their situation.

Parisians worked hard, but, from a foreign point of view, picturesquely, and from a scientific point of view, ineffectually. The resulting phenomenon was that many of the French enjoyed life, the passing of the days and hours. And those who did not, held the enjoyment of life as an ideal that held nothing immoral, unworthy, or shameful. If one enjoyed being quiet and nonproductive, and could eat, sleep, and love, Parisians seldom objected, and, if they envied one, they showed it in a friendly way.

In "Day in Paris" no reader will find evidence of modern industry or antique bombast. There is nothing civil or military in its pages. It is purely philosophic. It teaches that for the human race to destroy itself by means of a physical speed-up on a moralistic belt line is not necessary, and that the calamity may not happen, after all. We may relearn to relax and discriminate.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THE OWL IN POETRY

This week we have ten poetic quotations about owls. How many of them do you remember? Allowing 5 points for each poem you can identify and another 5 for the poet, a score of 40 is par, 50 is very good, and 60 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 30.

1. 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
   And the owls have awakened the crowing cock,
   Tu—whit!—Tu—whoo!
2. We know not always who are kings by day,
   But the king of the night is the bold brown owl.
3. The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
   Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
   (Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic.
4. The moping owl does to the moon complain.
5. My brain is dull, my sight is foul, I cannot write a verse, or read—
   Then Pallas, take away thine Owl, and let us have a Lark instead.
6. Ah, bitter chill it was! The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold.
7. The Owl looked up to the stars above, and sang to a small guitar.
8. A wise old owl sat on an oak,
   The more he saw the less he spoke.
9. It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
   Which gives the stern'st good-night.
10. Alone and warming his five wits the white owl in the belfry sits.

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Testament of a Plain Man

FIGHTING LIBERAL. By George W. Norris. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 419 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

THE Tennessee Valley Authority and the great power projects of the Far West are eternal monuments to two Americans—Franklin D. Roosevelt and George W. Norris. Both these men died within the past year. One came from the measured vistas of Hyde Park, the other from the crunching poverty of an eighty-acre stump farm. Yet each had the same faith in the common man. They died expressing their belief in democracy and liberalism.

Last month, less than twenty-four hours before his death, Mr. Roosevelt wrote, "We believe that men are capable of their own government and that no king, no tyrant, no dictator can govern for them as wisely as they can govern themselves. The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. Let us move forward with strong and active faith."

Senator Norris, whom Mr. Roosevelt once called "the very perfect gentle knight of American progressive ideals," affirmed a similar faith in the closing pages of his autobiography, which he completed eight weeks prior to his death last summer:

> Liberalism will not die.
> It is as indispensable to life as the pure air all around about.
> It is deathless—it marches forward—and it will continue to march long after those who have carried its standards in past struggles are gone from this earth.
> This is my faith in America.

Two of liberalism's most illustrious standard-bearers are gone, but future generations of Americans, looking up at the foaming spillways of Hales Bar and Fontana and Bonneville and Grand Coulee, will hear the story of the crippled patrician from New York and the white-haired old prairie lawyer from Nebraska whose persistent struggle for liberalism brought these monumental projects to reality.

Visitors to the Senate gallery in Washington asked one question more than any other: "Which one is Norris?" They saw an old man with sad eyes and melancholy expression. "Senator Norris never knew what it was to play," says his friend, James E. Lawrence, in the introduction to this book. Norris always seemed a man bent with sorrow.

The Senator's autobiography helps to explain this melancholy. As a boy he slept in a loft that was open to rain and snow. His mother spun his clothes. His first wife lost a child in a buggy wreck, then died a few years later, leaving her husband with three motherless girls. He married a second time and this Mrs. Norris became "a tender-hearted, loving mother" to the three girls. Then she gave birth to twin sons, who soon died. "This was a shadow that never lifted completely from us," the Senator writes.

From this background of suffering and sadness emerged the man who put so much progressive legislation through the Senate, who passed the "Lame Duck" amendment, who sired the Nebraska unicameral legislature, who fought as early as 1914 for minimum-wage laws, who fathered TVA and Grand Coulee. Much of his work was crowned with victory, yet Norris

was inevitably sad. His book shows that the poverty in which his mother lived made a marked impression upon him. "All my life I have either seen or heard of poverty," he once said.

The Senator tells a story of his mother. One day he saw her planting an apple tree. "Why do you work so hard, mother?" he asked.

"I may never see this tree in bearing, Willie," Mary Mook Norris said to her son, George William, "but somebody will."

It was a lesson that George William learned well.

Much of the story is told in this book which Norris dictated to his friends in the Nebraska town of McCook after his defeat for reëlection to the Senate in 1942. The book is the tale of a plain and simple man who spent four decades in Congress—ten years in the House and then thirty in the Senate. He began as a conservative. "I was an ardent Republican," he wrote. "I thought the Republican Party was perfect."

Service as a young Congressman changed some of these ideas. Norris squirmed under the tyranny of Uncle Joe Cannon. He saw bills to help the average man squelched without a hearing. He remembered the bleak hardships of his own upbringing, when he and a widowed mother tried to feed and clothe his eight sisters. Could legislation to aid such families not even get to the floor of the House of Representatives? Under Cannon's iron hand, it could not. Norris organized the revolt which dethroned the Czar of the House and democratized the lower branch of Congress. This was the beginning of his insurgency.

Norris fought other heroic battles for political reform, but the economic field he ignored. Then in 1913, one year after his election to the Senate, he commenced studying the Hetch Hetchy controversy in California. Should the Pacific Gas & Electric Company or the people of San Francisco generate and distribute water power generated on the mountain streams of the high Sierras? Norris was still registered as a Republican, but to him there seemed only one answer. Why should a watershed in the public domain be exploited for private profit? So began his continuing zeal for public power—a zeal which was to place him at Roosevelt's side in 1932, campaigning with Roosevelt for dams on the Tennessee, Columbia, and Missouri Rivers.

To Norris the power fight became almost a religious crusade. In the most lyrical passage in his book the old Senator declares:

> Hetch Hetchy, to me, is a symbol. It embodies the story of the ages.
> The snows of winter wrap the peaks of the Sierras in a deep white blanket or, in howling gales, fill the deep canyons with ice and snow. And then spring follows, and spring's warm sun, and snow water happily courses down the mountain side, gathering in tiny creeks which rush rapidly to the river, seeking the sea.
> Men may build dams to pile those waters back in lakes, averting floods and providing cities with water and light.

This was what public power symbolized to the man whom President Roosevelt regarded as the originator of the entire New Deal power program.

In these times of self-professed omnipotence, it is refreshing to read the autobiography of a plain man with no illusions about himself. Norris ignores the fact that Roosevelt praised him more highly than any other living man. He does not mention that repeated polls among Washington correspondents listed him as the outstanding Senator. In fact, he cites his own shortcomings quite as much as his successes. In discussing his defeat as a candidate for the district attorneyship of Furnas County, Nebraska, he adds, "I am inclined to think that I deserved defeat."

As ranking Republican member of

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Diagnosis and Suggested Treatment

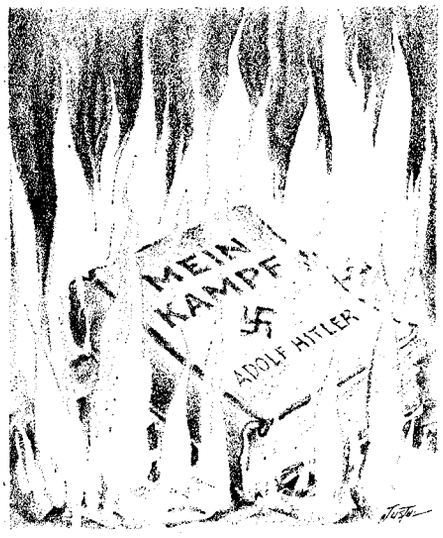
THE MORAL CONQUEST OF GERMANY. By Emil Ludwig. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. Inc., 1945. 183 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

DR. LUDWIG offers a menu of two dishes. The first is a psychological analysis of the German people, for the guidance of victorious Americans in particular. The second is an outline of the treatment which ought, in the author's opinion, be meted out to the survivors of the Third Reich. Both are subjects of tremendous importance, and the fact that neither can now be discussed calmly and dispassionately is just another of the misfortunes resulting from war. From one point of view, Mr. Ludwig seems far more detached and scholarly than are most of the writers in his camp. But he suffers from the characteristic inability of the German generally to differ with those who hold other views without resorting to personal abuse. This defect greatly reduces the value of his book, even as similar faults mar the great majority of essays on Nazism by emigré writers.

The psychological analysis affords a good summary of what can be said in criticism of the German character. It is also rather astutely written because the existence of good traits is not denied. Yet one can't help feeling that the reader who accepted what Dr. Ludwig says at face value would have a quite unrealistic picture of the true situation. I shall call attention to an omission which seems characteristic. He writes that "Germany is the only country which lacks a hero of liberty," meaning thereby a hero in the struggle against tyranny. But who was Windhorst if not such a hero? In any other country in the world a political leader who fought Bismarck to more than a standstill on the issue of freedom of conscience, and who in so doing accepted the added burden of pledging his followers to defend the rights of the Jewish minority, would certainly be remembered by its liberal historians.

Here, it seems to me, is an important clue to the tragedy of Germany. The movement towards progressive liberalizing of political institutions failed because of the persistent bitter conflict between the spokesmen for freedom. Windhorst is forgotten because he was a Catholic, Rathenau was detested because he was a Jew, and Ebert's supreme offense happened to be that he once worked for a labor union. On this score the old *Frankfurter Zeitung* is just as guilty as are the Junkers. It has often seemed to me that spokesmen for German democracy, including Dr. Ludwig, are normally recognizable by the blinkers which prevent them from seeing anybody else on the platform save themselves.



—*Justus in the* Minneapolis Star-Journal
To the Scrap Heap: Book and Author

What treatment should be accorded the Germans? Mr. Ludwig seems to sponsor the thesis that any future Germany must agree to remain disarmed and must give proof of the complete good faith with which it signs that agreement. With this there can be no great quarrel, though individuals might differ about what constitutes disarmament. But is it really necessary to suggest that no German be permitted to leave his country during the next ten years, or that German museums contain only German art? Dr. Ludwig argues that if Germans travel they will create a mood of sympathy for their people. There may be some risk involved, but surely it is not at all comparable to the peril latent in a nation hermetically sealed against contact with the outside world. One cannot suppress the hope that whatever else the post-war world will see, it will be spared the task of policing ghettos of its own creation. These suggestions are all the more curious because Dr. Ludwig advocates educational reform through teaching "the spirit of international coöperation."

That would appear to be the last thing one could teach successfully behind barbed wire. More interesting possibly is the suggestion that history teaching stress all the crimes of Hitler and his militaristic forebears while courses in the humanities expound Goethe. Yet one can't avoid a feeling that such a curriculum would be rather thin. What Germany needs above all is a liberal intellectual tradition animated by mutual respect among liberals. Why not instruct above all in the men and books of that tradition?

Curtain-Raiser on a Colorful Drama

THE SCANDINAVIAN COUNTRIES, 1720-1865. The Rise of the Middle Classes. By B. J. Hovde. Boston: Chapman & Grimes. 1944. 2 *vols.* 823 *pp.* $10.

Reviewed by HOLGER LUNDBERGH

GENEROUS in scope and painstaking in detail is this panoramic exhibition of a critical, if not crucial, period in the history of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. It forms the first part of a work which is intended to carry Scandinavian history down to the present.

Even granted the two substantial volumes, it seems incredible how much of statistics, anecdotes, folk lore, biographical data, poetry, notes on architecture and food, and observations about the climate, sexual relations, farming, and economics the author has managed to include.

But the book is not only painstakingly detailed; it is also sagely and carefully planned. Dr. Hovde sets a large and orderly stage—colorful but not bizarre—and slowly raises the curtain on a three-act drama of numerous and memorable scenes. He is a good director, for not once does he permit the action to get out of hand. We follow the logical unfolding of the play with genuine absorption, and we are able to enjoy, more than in passing, the superb settings he has provided for his main characters.

Dr. Hovde's style, where facts and figures do not raise too high a barrier, is lively and discursive, and the narrative is crowded with fascinating sidelights. The chapters on art and literature, religion and philosophy, education and labor, are meaty and authoritative. The second volume, particularly, offers much of cultural value; the pieces on the temperance movement, the improvement of the position of woman, humanitarian reforms, and, especially, "Daily Life in the Age of Transition" are exceptionally well done and serve to fill out an uncommonly thorough picture for the reader.

For the benefit of a wider, and not less eagerly inquisitive, audience than the one Dr. Hovde turns to in his monumental work, it is to be hoped that some time he will condense his book into one volume. As such it would become a text book of inestimable value.

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A Family Named Quindle

INTERIM. By R. C. Hutchinson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1945. 186 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

FOR one who has known Mr. Hutchinson only through his long, powerful novel, "Testament," with its crowding life, its dense texture, and its dramatic action, this brief book comes as a somewhat surprising proof of its author's versatility. There is here a modesty of treatment and development, an economical manner, that seems to verge almost on mock-modesty. Scenes and characters are sketched, significances pointed up, and situations lit in passing, with a kind of careless-careful emphasis. But the unpretentious manner is calculated to make "Interim" one of those books that grow in stature, in retrospect, after we have done with their printed pages; and artistic calculation is, in this instance, notably successful.

A British artillery sergeant named Roger tells the story of his contacts with a family named Quindle, into whose house he barges late one night, having missed the right road while chaperoning a 25-pounder field gun through the darkness of a nameless English county. The Quindle household is an odd one at first meeting, consisting of father, mother, daughter, and son, an evacuated couple with their baby, plus a shifting population of military and civilian visitors who are always dropping in from nowhere and disappearing whence they came. But the true characters of its principal members are revealed only gradually, as they are discovered by, and discover themselves to, the narrator; and these gradual, interlocking revelations are the stuff of which the book is made—provocatively, almost teasingly, with a strategy that keeps the reader's curiosity always keen.

When it is over, when we emerge from the story, the patterns, or at least the partial patterns, of four lives are fairly clear; and each life is seen to be, in one way or another, that of a trapped creature. The daughter is trapped by her husband's physical helplessness, the son is trapped by the demands of war, the mother is trapped by her own selfishness, and Quindle is trapped by his marriage, his tenderness for his wife, and all the conspiring circumstances of his life. But three of these four exhibit a kind of heroism, each in his own fashion, however futile that heroism may be. And when it is over, we see, too, that the title has more than a single meaning, that the "Interim" designated is not merely that of a soldier waiting to be shipped, or that of a bombed-out family living temporarily in a borrowed country house. The title-word expands enormously to take in territory: perhaps all the territory that lies beneath the moon.

Quindle's is the central figure. It is upon him, upon his philosophy and his sentiments, that our interest is slowly but finally focussed. His cardinal belief, like Plato's, is quite simply that the prime aim of human life is "to be happy and to create happiness," and he strings along with history in declaring that, "People nearly always forget one or the other of those two purposes." But where Plato's emphasis was on wisdom, Quindle's emphasis is on love, in its broadest and deepest sense—love that can even fight; and it is in the essential terms of his philosophy that he explains his passionate desire to return to China, where he has already done good work as a doctor, from which war has expelled him, to which his wife makes return impossible. She has said: "I was always wrong to think you might care as much for me as you care for China." And he replies:

> It isn't that, it isn't just my love for China. It's love for something larger, and China is the place it leads me to. If I were a great man I might be entirely different. Their genius works on anything that's close at hand. If one's powers are small and commonplace one has got to stretch them that much farther. You must, you must understand just this. A great many women went through agony to bring me to birth. Thousands of men have slaved to give me all the things I've got—this house and the clothes I'm wearing, the train that brought us here—thousands more have died to set and keep me at liberty. That's only part of what I've got to account for. I keep thinking and thinking of the millions since the day of Golgotha who've made their lives a bridge across the wastes of hopelessness. I can't pay for that with my small change, my pride won't let me. We're not required to be heroic now: no one's asking me to suffer contempt or torture. Surely I can't give less than the whole of my strength! When the battle they've left to me is such a paltry one I can't clear out of it without a limb torn, without a smear of blood or dirt on my body.

R. C. Hutchinson

This is the essence of Quindle, and this passage is a fair example of Mr. Hutchinson's writing when it is easiest and most sincere, although one must allow for the fact that on this occasion he is putting words into the mouth of a lay-preacher. His publishers claim too much when they assert that no living Englishman writes better prose than he, for he lets them down with an occasional ostentatiously fine passage, *e.g.*: "As if maliciously the day had broken in peculiar splendor. Except for one plume of frondose cloud the sky was stripped, the edge of the night's chill already blunt, the light which played on the arpeggio of greens was a distillation of silver. I think I had never heard the cheerfulness of birds exalted to so vast a diapason." But these lapses are rare, and Mr. Hutchinson's prose is for the most part very good indeed; individual without eccentricity, admirable without obvious effort.

"Interim," as I have said, is a book that seems to grow as one ponders it. But the careful reader will note the extent of his own collaboration in the affair, for he will realize that Mr. Hutchinson's art conceals an admixture of fashionable platitudes, guaranteed to evoke stock responses.

Water Moccasin

By Laura Lourene LeGear

EVE, with her warm lips redder
Than skin of reddening apple,
Pleases the fern-green adder,
Wearing the shadow's dapple,

Artless Eve, earth's first blossom,
Shaming the lilies' stipple,
Wakened beside the balsam,
Watches the catkins topple;

Eve, slender as her serpent
Coiled near a yellow aster,
Her sleep as cool and sentient,
Beds in the mallow cluster.

In Eden still, long after,
I lie among wild mosses,
And answer with light laughter,
The scaly one who passes!

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SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITERS

WRITERS today have the biggest job cut out for them in history. In that respect, they are no different from the general run of humanity, which has to cope right now with the fairly considerable problem of devising some method whereby man's existence on this planet may not be altogether discontinued—not through atrophy or decay or cumulative destruction, but by a clicking abruptness. This is the abruptness of applied science, which has been steadily enlarging and refining the techniques of demolition so that it can now assure us that it can be completely and truly internationalized in its effects—even if nothing else in the world is internationalized. It will soon be ready to accomplish what floods, famine, plague, climate, and competitive animal and insect life have never been able to accomplish: the obliteration of the human species from Planet No. 3, otherwise designated the earth.

We take it for granted that most writers would like to do what they can to avoid such a development. (By "writers" we mean all those, whether in fiction or non-fiction, who have access to publication.) We have some suggestions. First of all, stop being bashful about world citizenship if you really believe in it; don't talk about it off to a side and in a mumble as though you were afraid of being overheard. Don't allow yourself to be boxed in by any high-flown arguments about "sovereignty" at a time when the only "sovereignty" is the common one. Don't be sidetracked by the charges of "impracticability" at a time when "practicability" is measured by the debris of half the world. Don't be put off by protests about the mountainous differences separating the peoples of the world at a time when the only thing greater than their differences is their mutualities.

Our second suggestion is to keep a complete file of newspapers handy from June, 1933 right up through the present. You will need to refresh your memory every once in a while, especially when there is a tendency in the years ahead to equate the guilt for World War II. Germany will be struggling to clear away the corpses of its dead cities; and it may seem difficult to believe that this wreck of a nation should once have been able to muster the power to overrun a continent preparatory to overrunning the world. The problem of feeding and caring for Germans may dim the memory of the most widespread mass crime ever committed by a people in world history. Those newspapers will remind you of itemized debits built up year by year on Germany's balance sheet which no double entry bookkeeping can obscure. Not least among these debits is the brutalization of a nation, the deliberate cultivation of a mass debasement, the annihilation of an individual or a mass conscience. This is no imaginary debit, but it can be seen and counted, as Americans have seen and counted the tortured dead inside Germany.

At the same time, don't be smug about what happened in Germany. Don't construct any racial theories or any other anthropological or biological mumbo-jumbo to prove that this is a matter of blood, or that the German people have a retrogressive protoplasm. If you do this, you have announced Germany's victory and our defeat. What happened in Germany is an object lesson to the rest of the world. It is a lesson which can teach us that under certain circumstances nations can be hoodwinked or browbeaten into Nazism, that once Nazism takes hold, it can stamp out the objectors and force the others to participate in the guilt so that all are locked together in a common enterprise. There is enough dormant or residual barbarism in man so that it can be systematically nourished and exercised, submerging the restraints of conscience which needs exercise itself to live.

This is the major crime of Nazism, a crime which has been part of a national policy, and Germany must pay the price for it. But the important thing for us is to know the circumstances that produced Nazism, to know completely all the signs and portents of Nazism, to know its genesis and its composition, its language, its appeals, its machinery—and, knowing this, to fight incessantly against us. For its threat is perpetual and, if we ever allow it to take hold, the same effects could happen here. And we would be as deserving of universal condemnation and retributive justice in that case as Germany is today.

Still another suggestion is that we maintain some sense of proportion in writing about this war. There will be a disposition to think that we did the bulk of the job ourselves. Some figures here will be helpful. Whatever our effectiveness, we must never forget that our losses were less than one-half of 1% of what the rest of the world suffered. For every American life lost in this war, more than 300 lives of our allies were lost. This is apart from the contrast between an intact America and the physical annihilation of cities and even countries.

But this has been the last war of split percentages. Never again will each nation be able to sit down at the end of the last battle and compare its losses. After this, if there is another war, the only percentage figure will be the complete one, covering the globe itself. The coming peace, if it is to mean anything at all, must be as all-embracing as the effects of the failure of peace. Which is to say, it must be a hundred per cent peace or it will be a hundred per cent failure. N. C.

Fear

By Sgt. Hargis Westerfield

WAITING for nightfall to run the flying batteries
Into Finnschafen; the flying batteries
That blast from the sky, a man despairs
Doing nothing, waiting for time to pass
Cowering on the red-hot deck from the sun
Tortured by long memories of the world
He once knew: yellow printed pages,
A hidden lawn by a home in Indiana,
Cool green grass where the robins
And purple martins made a paradise.
I forget the mood of despair,
Mirthful under the fanged tropical threat,
Meticulously taking part, passionately
Cleaning and oiling my rifle.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Journalese Jargon

SIR: Mr. Silas Bent's recent letter pointing up grammatical errors which get in the hair of a soundly trained newspaper man deserves loud cheers.

Amazing to me, however, is the fact that the distinguished author of *Ballyhoo* as well as other writers on the subject should fail to call attention to one form of glaring journalese jargon to which copy readers are addicted; nay, which they invented and have for generations forced the public to stumble over.

I refer to the virtually universal copy-desk rule that an adverb must never appear in the middle of a verb phrase. (Thus the word order in the foregoing sentence would be changed to *never must appear.*)

To the casual reader this rule of thumb may appear innocuous. Before he decides, however, that I am stirring a tempest in a teapot, I challenge him to inspect a few samples of journaleestic distortion.

Let him try, if he can, to sing the following snatches from four songs as they would have appeared had a newspaper copy reader got his clutches on the manuscripts before they were published:

I'm CHASING ALWAYS *rainbows.*
I NEVER'LL *smile again.*
I think that I NEVER SHALL SEE
A poem lovely as a tree.
There ALWAYS'LL BE *an England.*

This rule-of-thumbed prose is compiled for nonsinging *SRL* readers:

Can Spring FAR BE *behind?*
I've SEEN NEVER *a purple cow.*
You are INVITED CORDIALLY *to attend.*
. . . *testing whether that nation or any nation* LONG CAN *endure.*
The world LITTLE WILL *note nor* REMEMBER LONG *what we say here.*

Grammarians abhor this sort of thing and teach precisely the reverse; to wit, that an adverb should be placed between the auxiliary and the verb or between the copula and its complement. Only in unusual cases should the word order be changed, for emphasis.

The public, moreover, sides with the grammarians, for people naturally talk that way.

(An exception should be noted in the case of *only,* which is the most frequently misplaced word in the language and which almost without exception should not appear in the middle of the verb phrase.)

Where did copy readers get their ridiculous rule? Perhaps nobody knows but H. W. Fowler surmises that it arose when some old-time editor's fulminations against the split infinitive were misunderstood by a muddle-headed assistant.

The split infinitive, of course, does not enter into the present discussion. Thus, *to always be belittling* is a split infinitive, but *to be always belittling* is not. Nine journeyman copy readers out of ten, however, will make the phrase read *always to be belittling* or *to be belittling always.*

CHET DOWNING.

Detroit, Mich.

"And so we lost eight more ships but, boy, were we fanatic!"

The Obsolescent Past Participle

SIR: Angelo Cohn's snippy note in your issue of May 5, and your sympathetic caption, intimating that I had been hoist by my own petard in speaking of the obsolescent past participle, invite a reply. Mr. Cohn thinks I should have said obsolete, and you seem to agree.

Now in mulling it over I was forced reluctantly to the conclusion that obsolescent was an overstatement. When we think of such words as fallen, given, taken, spoken, and others having the same form as gotten and forgotten, they must give pause even to you and Mr. Cohn. For we have no substitute past participial form for these words and we need them for day-to-day use.

Bernard M. Allen, a professor of Latin at Andover, was one of a score who have written to me about my letter on grammar, and he offers an ingenious explanation of the prevalence in this country of forgotten.

"Some seventy-five or more years ago" he writes, "some American grammars began to talk against 'have got' for possess or have. Got seemed superfluous. So grade teachers began to say 'Don't say *have got,* say *have.* Don't use the *got.*' And after awhile it resulted in a subconscious avoidance of it in other uses, and going back to *gotten. Got* came to be like a naughty word.

"I defend *have got,* on the ground that *have* is used so commonly as an auxiliary verb that its meaning of possess is weakened. If one says 'How many men have you?' the hearer unconsciously expects a participle to follow *have,* gets a little mental shock and thinks 'Oh yes, *have* does mean *possess,* doesn't it?' What you have *acquired* you *have,* at least temporarily. . . . So the Latin *cognovi, I have learned,* means *I know. . . .*"

Mr. Allen has little patience with arbiters of elegance in English such as I take Mr. Cohn to be. "Purists are those who insist on purity of diction," he says, "but what is that? It is apt to be the proper usage of a generation or two ago (or what they were taught was good usage), or the original or etymological meaning of the word. Also the avoidance of neologisms and good colloquialisms that are working up into good usage. Purists shuddered at *talented* and *telegram* for a good many years. Some of them (I confess I am one) can't bear to see none used as a plural (because it came from *no one*) in spite of good usage."

Mr. Allen gave as an example of none as a plural the twenty-fourth verse of Acts XX, "But none of these things move me." This is from the King James version, widely acclaimed as the best English of that day. Others have noted the early objection to talented, which seems to derive from the Biblical parable of the talents.

"Most of us, I guess," Mr. Allen continues, "are purists about what we don't like and heretics about what we do. Orthodoxy's my doxy, heterodoxy's yours."

Let me suggest to Mr. Cohn that he use his obsolete doxy as an epitaph: He has been taken, rather than He was took.

SILAS BENT.

Old Greenwich, Conn.

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TRADE Winds

"RICKSHAW BOY," a story of the underprivileged millions in China, is a worthy companion piece to Richard Wright's "Black Boy." In selecting both of these stinging and uncompromising books, the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club have answered in the most effective manner possible, I think, critics who have questioned their motives or ideological positions.

The author of "Rickshaw Boy" is Lou Shaw, who, according to Edgar Snow, has been doing valiant work for the cause of democracy in China for years, and is emerging as one of its literary greats of the century. . . . "Rickshaw Boy" is a reserve selection of the Book Club; when it goes out, Mr. Shaw's royalty—*if he gets it*—will make him one of the richest men in China (the present rate of exchange is something like 900 to one, which would make Shaw's share of the Book Club royalty alone something like thirty million Chinese dollars!) . . . I say "if he gets it" because there seem to be so many complications involving the Chinese agents, translators, and owners of rights to Shaw's book that it will take a corps of lawyers and accountants to straighten out the tangle. . . . In order to provide sufficient paper for "Rickshaw Boy" and other sure-fire summer and fall books on their list, Reynal & Hitchcock have turned "Strange Fruit" over to Grosset & Dunlap. It still is selling several thousand copies a week. . . .

EDGAR SNOW, INCIDENTALLY, delivered a telling indictment of William L. White's "Report on the Russians" at a recent *Herald Tribune* Book and Author luncheon:

> "White's book contains mistakes, but its description of living conditions in Russia is in most ways quite accurate. There is, however, one serious omission in it. It is a report on a gravely wounded nation, but White almost totally neglects to state that minor fact.
>
> "His account is therefore as objective as a story I might write about any one of you, under similar conditions. I could say that when I saw you you never smiled, you had no sense of humor, you showed no interest in your work, you seemed frightened, you looked haggard, and weary, and your clothes were ragged and torn. It might all be true, but still it wouldn't be a fair picture of you as a man or woman if I neglected to add that my interview with you had taken place in an ambulance, while you were on your way to a hospital after having been hit by a ten-ton truck. . . . A ten-ton truck, by the way, that would have run over me, *if you hadn't been standing in the way.*"

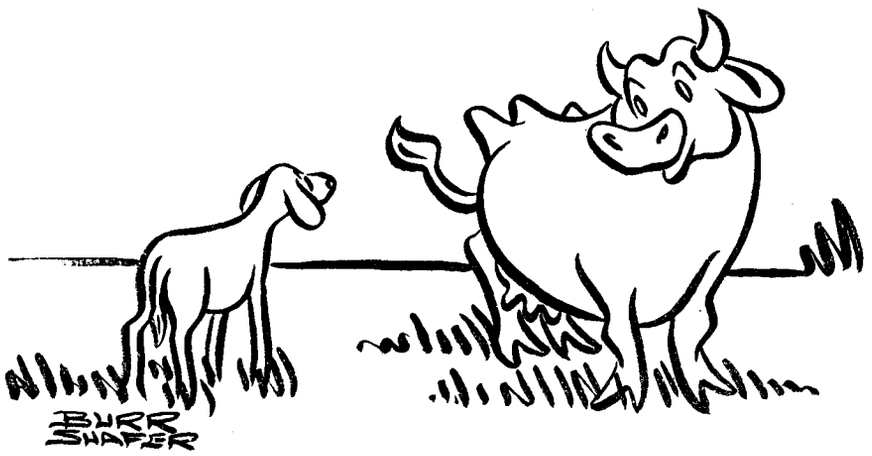
Personally, I believe that the evil consequences of the White book have been ludicrously exaggerated. His bias and inaccuracies were too obvious to impress any impartial reader. He has been confuted on point after point by leading correspondents and writers who spent six years, and not six weeks, in Soviet territory. The list of notorious Red-baiting periodicals and reviewers who have praised the book most highly is in itself the most damning condemnation of its integrity.

But infinitely more insulting to the intelligence of the American public than anything in the White book is the insolent demand of bedraggled fanatics on the left that Harcourt, Brace withdraw the book from sale. The Harcourt firm, one of the most progressive and distinguished in the country, has given ample and consistent evidence of its complete good faith and high publishing standards. And right or wrong in this particular instance, William L. White is an important American writer who is fully entitled to a hearing. When Harcourt publishes Corliss Lamont's book on the people of the Soviet early in 1946, the same faithful slaves of the "Party line" who are demanding the suppression of the White book today will be the ones who sing the publishers' praises most lustily. . . .

ROOTS . . . Dorothy Cameron Disney, ace detective story writer, was once the private secretary of Howard Lewis, of Dodd, Mead. "As I recall," said Howard, "she had only one serious fault. She typed my letters exactly as I had dictated them to her!" . . . Remember the dashing, debonair, young newspaper hero in Kay Brush's "Young Man of Manhattan?" Well, mow me down if Kay hasn't gone on record to the effect that this character was modeled on that apostle of sweetness and light, that pal of the peepul, Westbrook Pegler! . . . Joel Sayre, author of "Rackety Rax" and the forthcoming "Persian Gulf Command," was a member of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces in Siberia in 1919. He was court-martialed for reading, while on duty, a book by George Jean Nathan. . . . Gertrude Atherton's first novel was reviewed by no less a figure than Henry James. Unfortunately, says Louis Sobol, Mrs. Atherton couldn't make head or tail of his profundities, and wrote him as follows: "I have read with deep pleasure your review of my novel. It was wonderful. But dear, dear Mr. James, won't you just tell me one thing? Did you like my book or didn't you?" . . . Delos Avery recalls that one of Hilaire Belloc's first published efforts was a four-line verse that read:

> The Devil, having nothing else to do,
> Went off to tempt my Lady Poltagrue.
> My Lady, tempted by a private whim,
> To his extreme annoyance, tempted
> *him!* . . .

GLAMOR-GIRL DOROTHY HILLYER is authority for the fact that when Mary Lasswell and Glenway Wescott were fellow speakers at a literary "gala," the former was photographed clutching the latter's "Apartment in Athens" to her bosom. "Why don't you hold your own book?" chided Wescott. *"My* books are all sold out," replied Lasswell sweetly. . . . Good news for authors who have never mastered the two-finger typewriter system: the American market will soon be supplied with a new kind of fountain pen. Instead of ink, its fuel is a patented substance that lasts *five years.* For further details, consult Eversharp or Eberhard Faber. . . . Required reading: E. B. White's superlative piece on the San Francisco Conference that begins on page 44 of the May 12 *New*



"Did I ever tell you what your great-grandma did to Chicago?"

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"So far as I know there's no precedent."

Yorker. . . . The eighth newspaper to subscribe to the snappy North-Boutell Literature Survey is the *St. Louis Star-Times*. . . . John Hersey's Pulitzer Prize novel, "A Bell for Adano," has been published in French by Didier. In making the announcement, *The New York Times* added this bombshell: "The French title is 'Une Cloche pour Adano'." . . . John Tebbel has written what is reputed to be the inside story of the Patterson-McCormick tribe, and their operation of the *New York News, Chicago Tribune*, and *Washington Times-Herald*. Jae Greenberg, who has plenty of nerve, will publish it in October. . . . Jack Kirkwood, boasting of his prowess as an ice skater, told how he had mastered the art of cutting figure eights. "That's the simplest thing on ice," said his sponsor. "Not the way I do it," retorted Kirkwood. "I make five with one foot and three with the other." . . .

HENRY J. TAYLOR'S NAME has never been on Trade Winds' list of favorite war correspondents, but his May fourth story of an interview with one Edward Houdremont, managing director of the Krupp armament works, was a honey. "My concern made only what the German government ordered," protested Herr Houdremont. "How can the Allies expect a peaceful Europe after they have bombed such great plants out of existence? . . . Perhaps we will need loans from America to build up Krupp's again. Mr. Krupp is now paying our 50,000 workmen out of his own pocket, you know, and that cannot go on forever." Houdremont's concluding comment is worth remembering. "You would be surprised," he told Taylor, "how quickly we could get this place going again!" . . . A group of writers in the Cub Room of the Stork wondered what would become of the half million and more well-fed, unconverted Nazi prisoners now held in the United States. Would they be sent back to Germany to resume their fight against democracy at just about the point they suspended operations when captured? One suggestion cheered everybody: when the time comes to dispatch these fellows home, why can't we develop a sudden scarcity of tonnage in the Atlantic and route the lot of them via Siberia? We would be responsible for them until they hit the docks at Vladivostok. From there on, it would be up to them—and the Russians. . . .

LUDWIG BEMELMANS and Michael Arlen, I learn from a letter from Bubbles Schinasi (heroine of at least two current novels), have been engaged in a relentless feud out Hollywood way, and when they were fellow-guests at a recent dinner, the air was electric with thinly suppressed emotions. "I understand," said Arlen, "that you are writing a book about Hollywood." "True," replied Bemelmans in a silken tone. "Am I in it?" hazarded Arlen. "Yes," said Bemelmans, "you are in it." "I hope," Arlen said, a shade wistfully, "that you have been kind to me." Bemelmans beamed, and remarked, "I always write well of the dead." At this point, dinner was announced.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

When the sign on the theatre box office says STANDING ROOM ONLY, it's a case of a smash hit. When the CERF-CARTMELL team says **S.R.O.**, it's the same story, but you can relax in your own private chair in your own private living room. There's no woman's hat in the way, no wishing you had opera glasses, no exorbitant prices, no standing in line at the box office, no trying frantically to find a taxi. And you can let your mind wander back over the years to the great performances you have seen. Yes, right in your favorite chair you can live through the fourteen best-liked, most remembered plays of all time, with the brightest lights of Broadway dancing in your reading lamp. Not one, not two, not five, nor ten, but fourteen: fourteen all-time hits including *Abie's Irish Rose, Life With Father,* and *Oklahoma!* You do your part in one small down payment: we do ours in fourteen juicy installments. Enjoy **S.R.O.** in your favorite chair. The critics liked **S.R.O.** The public has never forgotten the plays. You'll like to see them again at your own command performance in **S.R.O.**

★ ★ ★ ★

BARON JOSEPH VAN DER ELST is a diplomat, historian, author, lecturer, and a top-notch authority on Flemish art of the fifteenth century. He has managed to combine all these abilities in **The Last Flowering of the Middle Ages,** a book which is at once a lucid commentary on our own time, an uncannily faithful collection of reproductions, and a swell book to have on even a marble table.

Too many people have the idea that art is a sort of escapist pastime, indulged in by unstable men who are too lazy to work for a living. Today reproductions of Breughel hang on living room walls. The Breughels of today are painting pictures for the people of the year 2500 to hang on their living room walls. Art today is more a part of your life than it ever was before. And this book is one of the best contributions to that part that we have seen in a long time.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

THIS IS THE ARMY

SHOULD anyone in Brooklyn wish to send Noel Coward a Christmas present this year, I have a suggestion to offer. The gift I have in mind is a book the whole of America will, and should, be reading soon. The coming of V-E Day only makes its reading the more imperative. If read by Mr. Coward it might cause him to eat his unpalatable words in "Middle East Diary" about the little wounded boys from Brooklyn.

The book I am thinking of is "The Best from *Yank*."* I would send Mr. Coward my own copy if I did not value it far too highly to dream of parting with it even in so good a cause.

Yank is, of course, the weekly magazine of the United States Army. More than being just a magazine, it is the serviceman's Bible. For the best of good reasons, too. No sprightlier, abler, or more important journal has emerged from this war than *Yank*. The place it occupies in our war literature is unique. The place which its young contributors may occupy in our post-war literature is no less noteworthy.

If I were an editor or publisher, scouting for new talent and hoping, even now, to discover our next generation of writers, I would never miss an issue of *Yank*. By hook or by crook I would wangle it from my friends in the Army. Because excellent as *Yank* is as a war record, it may prove no less significant as a literary prophecy.

I don't see how any authors, middle-aged or older, can fail to read its pages, or the pages of this anthology, "The Best from *Yank*," without curiosity, admiration, and a certain self-pity existing side by side in their hearts like peas in a pod. In *Yank*, you see, the younger generation of Americans is doing more than fight a war superbly. It is knocking at the gates of the literature-that-will-be. In fact, it has already pried them open, and planted its sizeable G. I. boots squarely across the threshold.

Until the present anthology was issued American civilians, so underprivileged at best when it comes to knowing the facts of war at first hand, could count their lack of knowledge of *Yank* among their most serious war deprivations.

Abe Lincoln, who had a way of prepositioning the people, might have described *Yank* as being a magazine *of* the soldiers, *by* the soldiers, and *for* the soldiers. It was, and is, that kind of magazine. This is the source of its strength; the reason for its vigor; the explanation of its unmatched accuracy, in mood and idiom, as an example of young America's courage. It was never meant to please civilians. This is why "The Best from *Yank*" is bound to please them the more, and have a value it could not claim had it been meant for their consumption.

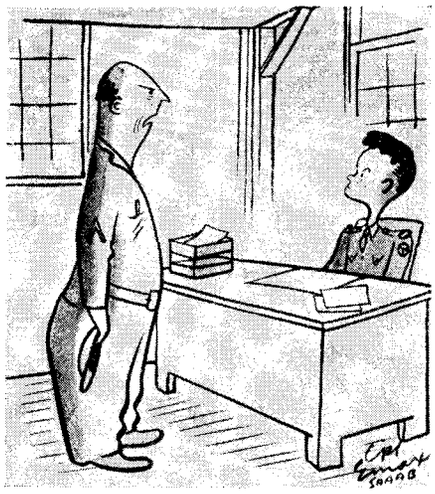
Yank is strictly, vigorously, hilariously, a soldier's magazine. Not for officers and Brass Hats, mind you. For the enlisted men. For the G. I.'s themselves. On this score it is as exclusive as Skull and Bones or the Porcellian. With this all-important difference. It limits its membership only so as to insure and increase its democracy.

The editors of the present anthology, who are also the editors of *Yank*, point out that *Yank* has nothing against officers. It is simply that they feel officers have no place in an enlisted man's publication. The point of view of the magazine is, as it should be, the G. I.'s point of view.

When G. I.'s are writing for other soldiers, they do not write the way soldiers and correspondents do when they are writing to be read by those at home. To win the attention of faraway civilians is not the same thing as holding the respect and interest of fellow soldiers in your own outfit.

Servicemen speak a language of their own. It stems from their trials, their training, their needs, their hungers, and the new, segregated, specialized, and atavistic lives they are living. Their sentences can be as studded with alphabetical abbreviations as if they were governmental agencies in Washington. They can drawl out their disgust, mixing biology with the chain of command. Or they fire their observations with the tat-tat-tat of machine guns. With the same precision and devastation, too. But heroics are out. Definitely out. So is the spectator's approach when everyone is a participant.

"The Best from *Yank*" is, therefore, bound to be a new kind of war book. It is more authentic than even the best of its predecessors because in its pages no one speaks for the Army. The Army speaks for itself.



—*From the book*
"I'd like a little fatherly advice, sir."

Reading this *Yank* anthology one is forced to fall back on Berlin, meaning Irving Berlin, and say, "This *is* the Army." This is the Army with its gripes and gags, its tough sergeants and its Sad Sacks. This is the Army with its K rations, its foxholes, its dreams of pin-up girls, and its grim duties. This is the Army with its youth and irreverence, its sweat and its chills, its realism and its humor, its modest valor and its infinite fortitude. This is the Army at its camps in this country, on the mountain slopes of Italy, in the jungles of the Pacific, at the second battle of Bougainville, flying over Tokyo, in Alaska, Guam, Burma, at the capture of Cherbourg, or in its contacts with such aliens as civilians. In short, this is the Army in print.

This is the Army in print because the 125 staff members of *Yank*, like the rest of its contributors, are writers who are G. I.'s. They live under Army discipline. They survive on Army pay (most of them are corporals or sergeants). They are apt to have seen action on several fronts. Seven of them have won Purple Hearts in four different theatres of war. Two of them have been awarded Bronze Stars; three, Legions of Merit; two, Air Medals; and two have thus far been killed in action.

I doubt if anywhere you will find better examples of straight battle coverage than in "The Best from *Yank*." The writing of these stories is clean, sparse, tough-fibred, and factual. More than being merely factual, it has the smell and feel of conflict. The nerves and muscles of it, too. The details are not always pleasant. They are as unpleasant as battle details must be. Yet they are never sensationally presented. Almost always they are stated by youngsters who know how to take death in their stride.

By no means all the contributions

*"THE BEST FROM YANK"—*The Army Weekly. Selected by the editors of* Yank. *E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. New York. 1945. 304 pp. $3.50.*

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harry Stockwell • Joseph Buloff • Evelyn Wyckoff • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Tallulah
BANKHEAD
in PHILIP BARRY'S
FOOLISH NOTION
HENRY HULL • DONALD COOK
Directed by JOHN C. WILSON
Martin Beck Thea. W. 45. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • BETTY FIELD • AUDREY CHRISTIE
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • BETTY LAWFORD
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

Have YOU seen them in
LIFE WITH FATHER?
EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way at 40th St.

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MARY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
ON THE TOWN
ADELPHI, 54 St. E. of B'y. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

are war reports. "The Best from *Yank*" is too American to stop with battles. It also includes its fiction and its sometimes convulsing humor, its poems and its cartoons, its admirable photographs and combat sketches, and its highly interesting letters to the editors with their no less interesting answers.

Although I, for one, wish the cartoons had been given a more ample, hence fairer, display, many of them have their undeniable virtues. Not all of the humorous writing succeeds in reaching the high level of that skit by Sergeant Leonard Silk in which the process is reversed, and those inane questions usually asked of a soldier by a civilian are here asked of a civilian by a soldier. Some of the contributions could, in spirit at least, have come out of any college publication. Some of the fiction, too, is technically immature.

But why not? Most of *Yank's* contributors are youngsters. Yet even the youngest of them has achieved a maturity far beyond their years. It is a maturity which older civilians, who remain physically untouched by the war, are unable to claim. It is an aging that comes from living with possible death; that is attained by having stripped life down to what are its essentials for emotional no less than physical survival. It is a special form of wisdom, disenchanted but undismayed, which can only be described as war wisdom.

A lot of people here, especially as victory has raced to its realization in Europe, say they are tired of reading about the war. Ask any book-seller in almost any American town, "What do your customers read?" The answer in almost every case is "Light stuff. Something to make them smile and forget. Ernie Pyle, yes. But not most war books. You see, the customers say they need escape." Remembering what the rest of the world, including our own G. I.'s, has undergone, one wonders, "Escape from what?"

If I were a reader, and had a man overseas in the service, I would not try to escape from "The Best from *Yank*." My reasons? Aside from the interest it is bound to hold, and the pleasure it is certain to give, "The Best from *Yank*" will help to bridge that gap—that wide and serious gap—which separates those here at home from those overseas.

The American boy who returns is not apt to be articulate. He has seen too much; suffered too much; and is still too dazed to want to talk. He is too tired to explain what he has been through, especially when explaining means that he must start back at the beginning and explain everything.

He soon discovers that most people

MICHAEL TODD presents
"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS • Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS • Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
CENTURY THEATRE, 7th AVE. & 59th ST. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea. E. of B'y. EVGS. 8:40. MATS. WED. & SAT.

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
MAX GORDON presents
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with LEO G. CARROLL
Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40 Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

KATHARINE CORNELL BRIAN AHERNE
The BARRETTS of WIMPOLE STREET
with McKay MORRIS • Brenda FORBES
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LELAND HAYWARD presents
FREDRIC MARCH in
A Bell for Adano
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JOHN MASON BROWN.

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Strictly Personal

MORE ABOUT MR. WHITE AND THE RUSSIANS

THE first reaction to your five individual opinions on W. L. White's "Report on the Russians" is that of admiration for the enterprise displayed by *The Saturday Review of Literature.* Then the question suddenly dawns upon the reader: why five reviews of a book embodying the impressions of a six weeks' trip to Soviet Russia by an American journalist? Why should Mr. White's book receive such extraordinary attention? It does not pretend to be a definitive scholarly study. The mystery becomes even more inexplicable when one notes the names of the objectors to Mr. White's book. They are all knowledgeable people who must be aware that the uproar about "Report on the Russians" will only sell more copies.

And again, this microscopic scrutiny of the impressions of a roving journalist establishes a dangerous precedent. It invites comparisons. The mind's eye begins to roam over the books and newspaper correspondence by some of the men who are so meticulous about flaws in Mr. White's book. Could their own books and newspaper articles bear up under a similar scrutiny? Mr. Hindus is at home in the Russian language and has spent a great deal of time in Soviet Russia, but has he ever taken the American reading public fully into his confidence? Has he told them the truth as it is revealed in the press and literature in Soviet Russia? At no time has Mr. Hindus given us a faithful but outspoken account of living conditions in the Soviet Union as they are described, say, in a book like "My Family," by Natalia Pflaumer "as told to" Olga Ziv. Author and collaborator

are devout communists and the book was published in Moscow in 1940 and has sold by the hundreds of thousands, but it still awaits publication in this country. When this comes to pass, people who question Mr. White's general description of conditions in the Soviet Union would do well to get hold of Mrs. Pflaumer's record of the life of a Soviet citizen.

However, Mr. Hindus is not the only writer on Russia who can see the mote in the eye of a dissenting colleague but not the beam in his own eye. For example, one finds Mr. Hersey's objection to Mr. White's "derogatory images of almost every Russian he meets" praiseworthy, but it would be more convincing if one could recall a similar attitude towards pro-Soviet journalists who have traduced the Russian people. Does Mr. Hersey approve of Walter Duranty's description of all the Russians—en masse, not individuals, in "The Kremlin and the People"? Mr. Duranty reports that "Russians are always Russians, kind, cruel, hospitable, envious, suspicious, affectionate, generous, will shoot as soon as look, and if he happens to miss might kiss you the next minute on both cheeks." And yet before Mr. Duranty began to study the Russian scene it used to be generally held that the Russians are a sincere and pacific people; the Duranty definition that Russians are always Russians would include Leo Tolstoy. Can anyone recall an organized protest against this fiction or Mr. Duranty's tireless insistence in his books and newspaper articles upon "the difference between the Russians and Western races"?

"The Soviet Power," by the Dean of Canterbury, certainly contained more serious errors about Soviet Russia than Mr. White's book. Did any one of our present seekers after the truth take the trouble to warn the American public against the misguided Dean?

Of course, we are in the midst or at the end of a world war and the Soviet Union has contributed enormously towards the defeat of the Nazis. This fact cannot be forgotten. Neither can it be denied that without the coöperation of the Soviet Union there can be no lasting peace. That is as it should be. Russia must be helped in every way possible. But what has all this to do with Mr. White's opinion regarding the size of the Moscow subway or even his

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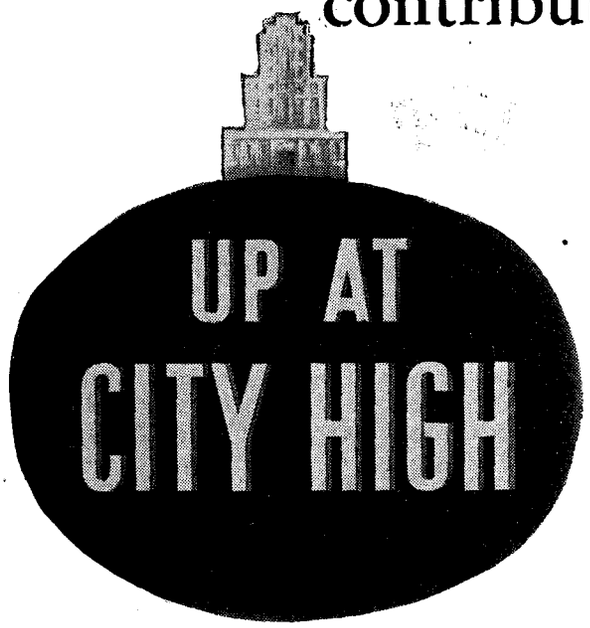

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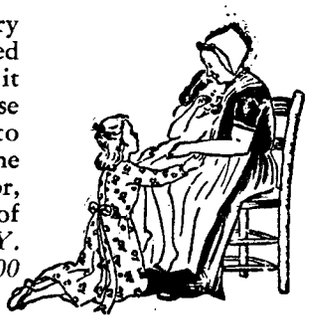

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factual error about the ownership of tractors in Soviet Russia? In 1914 Russian armies saved France and so contributed tremendously to the defeat of Germany. Yet we in America did not cease to voice our opinion of the criminal stupidity of the Czarist government.

Or coming back to the present, England has certainly contributed as much to the winning of this war as Russia. For a year she stood alone against the full strength of the Nazi power. As for the future, it is an accepted fact that without the full coöperation of Britain and the United States there is no hope of escaping War III. But have these facts prevented the gentlemen who are so bent upon the truth and nothing but the truth about Soviet Russia from speaking their mind about England? Has any of them proposed a campaign against attacks on Britain?

Last but not least, have any of them come to the defense of their own country and protested against the caustic remarks about the United States in the Soviet Government press? Almost it appears that the "friends" of the Soviet Union forget that they are citizens of a democracy wherein every man is free to speak his mind. For example, although the announcement of the sudden and untimely death of our great President sent a tremor through the entire civilized world, the first editorial in one of New York's best newspapers spoke of "the vicious effect" of some of President Roosevelt's policies. No doubt the great majority of the readers of this excellent publication were offended by this shocking lack of good taste, but only the feeble-minded would have suggested a campaign against the misguided editorial writer who could not refrain from injecting politics into an expression of sorrow.

The readiness with which we attack England; the ease with which we traditionally pick flaws—real and imaginary—in our own government; the tolerance with which we accept derogatory remarks against the United States in the Soviet press, make the pillorying of "Report on the Russians" even more incomprehensible. Would these "friends" of Soviet Russia imply that the Soviet Union is less sound than Britain or the United States and so cannot stand up under the criticism of an American journalist? That would be absurd. Russia is every bit as strong as her two great allies, and is not in need of this shallow defense which really conceals an indictment.

Nothing that Mr. White has said can be as harmful to the Soviet regime as the unanimous declaration by the "friends" of Russia that Mr. White's book is bound to hurt our relations with the Soviet Union and that it will destroy the opportunity for other correspondents to visit Russia.

In 1843 when Charles Dickens visited this country, the United States was no such great power as the Soviet Union is today, yet Dickens's exceedingly tart report on conditions in America in "Martin Chuzzlewit" had not the slightest effect on our relations with England; the United States certainly did not bar other citizens of the British Isles from visiting this country. In 1906 Maxim Gorky retaliated for the shabby treatment that he had received in New York by writing a bitter book about us, "The City of the Yellow Devil." There, among other stupid observations, he reported that in New York where money was supreme, the poor subsist on the food that they fish out of the garbage cans. These outpourings of an angry man produced no change in our relations with Russia, and the door remained open to all her other visitors.

At this point it is necessary to make

a distinction between outstanding communists inside Russia and the self-appointed defenders of the Soviet Union in this country. The two do not always see eye to eye. It may be recalled that Mr. Hindus assured the readers of the *Herald-Tribune* that Sholokhov's "Quiet Flows the Don" was a greater work than "War and Peace." But Alexei Tolstoy told the members of the Soviet Academy of Sciences that until the beginning of this war the Soviet novelists were engaged in creating stereotypes and not people and that Sholokhov was not much better than the rest. Ambassador Davies's film, "Mission to Moscow," was hailed in this country by "friends" of the Soviet Union as a literary masterpiece as well as a historic document. At the pre-view in New York the present writer ventured to tell a fervent Soviet sympathizer that the history in the film was not all that it should be; among other things, Marshal Tukhachevsky was really executed long before the indicated events and could not possibly be present at the trial featured in the picture. In reply one was informed that such "dramatic license" was permissible. But apparently Stalin was not of one mind with this ardent defender of the Soviet Union. He left the Moscow theatre as soon as Tukhachevsky appeared in the film, without even stopping to bid his guest, the author, good night, and that was the last the Soviet citizens saw or heard of that particular masterpiece.

It is obvious, then, that "Report on the Russians" cannot possibly disturb our friendly relations with Soviet Russia. On the other hand, the organizers of the campaign against Mr. White's book must be fully aware that the publicity they have given it is as valuable to the author as the barring of a book in Boston. The real purpose of the organized campaign is apparently not to interrupt or to kill the circulation of "Report on the Russians." Indeed, the actual objective seems more remote but is infinitely more serious. It is an effort to prevent any book that is not one hundred percent pro-Soviet or an Intourist handout from being published.

The anti-White crusaders are bent upon circumscribing the freedom of the printed word in this country, and their energetic protests against any book on Soviet Russia that does not meet with their complete approval is their way of working towards their larger object. Theirs is not legitimate or correct criticism of the kind with which no literate person dare find fault. It is a calculated endeavor to terrorize the publishers. The publication of books is a business and to be in disfavor with the "left wing" is a serious business matter. In fact, it is so serious that the Natalia Pflaumer book mentioned at the beginning of this paper was sent around in New York by a literary agent but could not find a publisher courageous enough to tackle it, though, as stated above, if published as it is, without doctoring, it would give the American reading public the most authentic and realistic conception of living conditions in Soviet Russia during very nearly two decades of communist rule.

The fact that "My Family" was published in Soviet Russia and its sales promoted by the government in order to persuade Soviet citizens to adopt destitute children, apparently makes its publication in this country even more dangerous for the publisher, because it is impossible to explain away the conditions described. Of course, the inquiring reporter would be told that we must not do anything to hurt the sensibilities of the Soviet Government, even if it means suppressing a book that is very popular in Russia.

MANYA GORDON.

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Hollywood Goes to War

MOVIE LOT TO BEACHHEAD. Illustrations with text. By Editors of Look. *New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.* 1945. 291 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ABEL GREEN

THE Editors of *Look* have gotten out in this volume, which is subcaptioned "The Motion Picture Goes to War and Prepares for the Future," a significant and, at the same time, entertaining book. A brief preface by Robert St. John, stating: "There was a day when it was considered smart to be cynical about Hollywood. That was before the war," is followed by a well-edited text and pictorial exposition of Hollywood's contribution to the war effort. Not the least of the book is the final chapter treating with the role of the movies in the post-war world.

In a kaleidoscopic yet meaty review, the job Hollywood has done is paraded. First comes "prologue to war" ("Confessions of a Nazi Spy," "Blockade," "Judgment Day," "The Mortal Storm," "Escape," "Four Sons," "The Great Dictator") when Hollywood was accused of warmongering, instead of the great patriotic job the movie biz was doing to awaken a Western world. Thereafter the Axis on the march is spotlighted in its newsreel history. And when Hollywood finally goes to war (with official Governmental blessing following Pearl Harbor), the first of the "how to" training films are produced and movie heroes and movie executives enlist. Stars and execs like Gable, Power, Stewart, Autry, Coogan, Fairbanks, Jr., Robert Montgomery, David Niven, Terence Rattigan, Monroe Greenthal, Louis Hayward, Emanuel Cohen, Hal Roach, Frank Capra, Jack L. Warner, Darryl F. Zanuck, Sam Briskin, Victor Mature, Wayne Morris, Sterling Hayden, Lew Ayres, Henry Fonda, Gene Raymond, Sabu—or Pfc. Sabu Dastigar—Kenneth MacKenna, Jack Hubbell, Arthur L. Mayer joined out-and-out combat outfits or, where better suited, in the production and administration of the Government's films.

Joan Crawford donated $112,000 (one film's income) to the Red Cross. Cary Grant split $100,000, also one film's fee, between United States and British charities. Carole Lombard gave her life during a bond drive. USO-Camp Shows entertainers gave their lives and limbs in off-shore duties. All gave blood. All, by dint of blood and sweat and tears and tireless effort, raised billions in bonds. (Somehow Edward G. Robinson's $150,000 donation to USO-Camp Shows is slighted, but what follows, in informative story and arresting photograph, is a proud tale that will forever do honor to Hollywood in particular and show biz in general.)

Combat photographers' entertainers on the foxhole circuit; movies at the front, months and sometimes years ahead of their exhibition back home ("Arsenic and Old Lace," for example); war information pix; showmanship selling of billions in bonds; the Hollywood Canteen; the selling of American democracy to regimented and unenlightened people abroad—all this, and more, is covered effectively in the book.

Bogart with his then wife, Mayo Methot, unable to find the Rick's Cafe in Casablanca, from the Warner Bros. picture of the same name, typifies the sundry tours of other Hollywood notables bringing glamor to our fighters. As they first said about Joe E. Brown, when he hit the Aleutians, "He came here—*and he didn't have to.*"

And that was the GI reaction to all the others before and after Brown who covered all our global fronts in order to bring a laugh to our boys. Bob Hope is second only to Brown for peripatetic entertainment.

Dinah Shore, Bing Crosby (when he broadcast a surrender appeal to the Germans last summer he was dubbed Der Bingle), Fred Astaire, Larry Adler, Jack Benny, Carole Landis, Mitzi Mayfair, Martha Raye, Al Jolson, John Garfield, Kay Francis, Ann Sheridan, Paulette Goddard, Ray Bolger, Little Jack Little (he's a pianist who learned to play the accordion in order to get around more) are but a few of the foxhole stars. Patti Thomas's boomps-a-daisy dancing gave the GI's a vicarious kick, and Gary Cooper's most popular request was the "Farewell to Baseball" scene out of "Pride of the Yankees," the Lou Gehrig filmization.

Well edited, "Movie Lot to Beachhead" spotlights how Joe E. Brown, at his own expense, flew 150,000 miles between March, 1942, and February, 1944, in covering Alaska, the Aleutians, China, India, Burma, Brazil, Nigeria, the Sudan, Iran, Iraq, Egypt, Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco, and Italy. Now there's a Rue de Joe E. Brown near Henderson Field in Guadalcanal. When Capt. Don Brown crashed to his death October 8, 1942, it only determined his comedian-father to further extend his globe-trotting entertainment.

Not the least of the Foxhole Circuit's entertainment were the up-front movies at the sundry Loew's Bougainvilles and RKO Guadalcanals. Army and Navy medico officials called movie entertainment "therapeutic stimuli" and the job which the Army Pictorial Service, through its Overseas Motion Picture Service, has done with 16 mm. films from the day after Pearl Harbor, is one eternally to the credit of Hollywood. It is not only noteworthy as a tie to American thought and modes and moods, but a definite cure-all. Perhaps the best summation is an official observation that "one movie is worth 1,000 aspirins" to the battle-bruised and the homesick alike.

At home, Irving Berlin's "This Is the Army" was to realize over $7,000,000 for Army Emergency Relief. Moss

—From the book

Sgt. Victor W. Groshon of Hollywood "got a Legion of Merit . . . for filming the warfare around Cassino and Rome."

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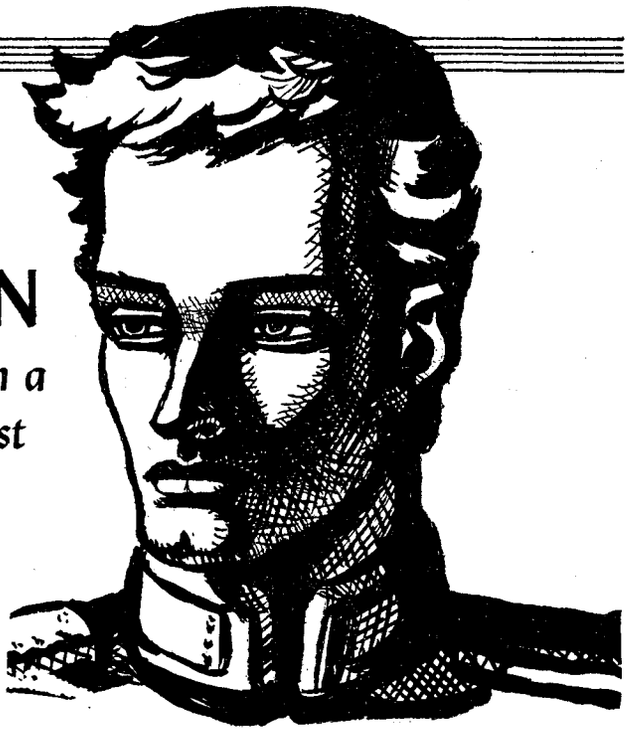

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Hart's "Winged Victory," produced for a similar cause, realized $1,500,000 and would have capitalized even further but for a decision to curb its run.

Hollywood companies bid high for the privilege of mirroring the battle, such as $300,000 for "The Moon Is Down," and equally important production investments were made in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," "God Is My Co-Pilot," etc. Evidence of our Army and Navy's realistic appreciation of Hollywood's efforts were the facilities lent by the military arms in the picturization of such ventures. When Chinese actors in Hollywood rebelled at even personating Japs, Hollywood diplomacy also achieved its objectives there.

With gun and camera the combat photographer has recorded the war in all its realism. Col. Frank Capra and Col. Hugh Stewart, Sgt. Bert Balaban (son of the Paramount Pictures prexy, Barney Balaban), Sgts. Norman Hatch and Obie Newcomb are specially kudosed, while Sgt. Victor W. Groshon got a Legion of Merit from General Patton for filming the warfare around Cassino and Rome.

Ted R. Gamble, himself an ex-showman, enlisted Hollywood names for bond drives; the screens were enlisted for WAC recruiting; the stars spark-plugged bloodbanks; OWI films offset Nazi propaganda pix showing American life in the wrong light; Ma Lehr enlisted pinup girls for her Hollywood Guild Canteen; and Bette Davis dittoed for her Hollywood Canteen. All this is part of the saga "From Movie Lot to Beachhead."

Only in the sum total is the true impact of any achievement fully gotten over. Similarly, this comprehensive photo-text record of show biz's selfless, tireless, all-out achievement, when regarded as a composite whole, well nigh staggers the reader. It takes little imagination to realize that, whereas almost every other form of home-front endeavor on behalf of the war effort had a more than casual profit equation attached to it, here was the one industry which gave its all for nothing to gain. It gave of itself, its funds, its people, its talents, its manpower, and literally its life.

Today, some of us seem inclined to regard our military gains as something akin to a football game ("how much did we gain?"). If you would carry that elementary premise a bit further, this compendium brings home vividly how deep we were inside our own 10-yard-line in 1941, and what an up-field fight it has been until the Victory this year!

And with Victory, remains yet another, perhaps even greater, job for Hollywood. This time it's from Movie Lot to Return to Sanity.

Realistic Dreams for Tomorrow

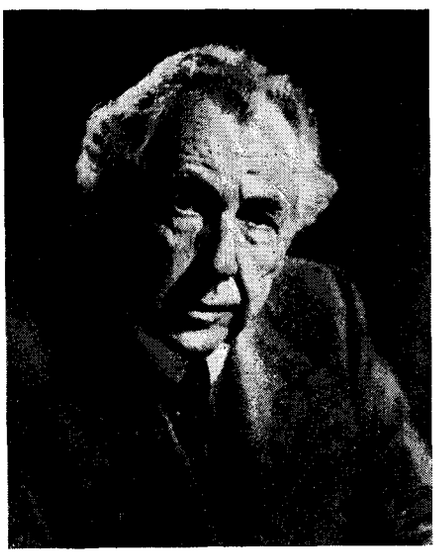
WHEN DEMOCRACY BUILDS. By Frank Lloyd Wright. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1945. 131 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by ELY JACQUES KAHN

A GREAT architect has spoken again.

Frank Lloyd Wright has enriched our country with his architecture and his ideas. He has been a beacon for generations of architects and, when a new book of his appears, one reads with respectful attention.

One point, on which there is no discussion, is that Wright has reached that serene position where he can scold us for our sins and where, from his lofty range, he sees American Democracy fumbling with its present and future. In the first instance, Mr. Wright objects violently, very violently, to our current concepts of business, banking, finance, and real estate. He scorns them with white fury.



—*Valentina Sarra*

Frank Lloyd Wright

The ideals of early America, people attached to the soil, living from the soil, he pictures in brilliant sketches. He resents the city and all it represents as a foul growth of men who lost their understanding of the fine things in life and who have become money-grubbers, worms, who live in moldy caves. His particular spleen is vented on the skyscrapers and the picturesqueness of his language, referring to them, is rich and unequivocal.

It is an interesting conception to assume that either we foresake the cities and let them crumble to dust, or have them tumble about our ears as man's base avarice and insistence on false values accomplishes the same result. No one can argue against the glory of the land and the beauties of nature. When Wright castigates us for ignoring spiritual things, there is no answer, for we have built slums, dirty factory sections, destroyed the countryside. Many have accumulated riches, while others are slaves to the fortune mongers.

This is no book to be read lightly or flippantly. Wright realizes full well that his conception of a Utopia, wherein the individual, freed of the shackles of our contemporary life, can live as a fine being and enjoy democratic freedom, will be given scant attention. His appeal, as an architect, to help mold the world to be a richer and more honest place is inspiring. One note of his is particularly stirring. There is already evidence before us that the confused pattern of European cities, on which ours were modelled, will change. They have, in larger or smaller degree, been levelled by the products of the machines we have created and it is unthinkable that the crooked streets, grimy buildings, congestion, and misery for the less fortunate, will be repeated. Our cities, fortunately untouched, by curious negation, will remain as they are.

Wright has written this book as a climax to years of thinking as to where we Americans are drifting. He will annoy some, which he expects, he will be scorned by others as impractical, some will read this volume and grasp an ideal which can be valuable if it stirs them to think of themselves as human beings with responsibilities to others.

It is particularly interesting that an architect of Wright's great stature should, in the silver years of his life, have the courage and energy to lay his dreams before us with such clarity. Dreams may be fragile things before the harsh realities of a world at war. We are, nevertheless, trying to envisage a brave new world and those who read this book will be refreshed and encouraged to hope that some of the seeds he so lavishly spreads will take strong root.

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TESTAMENT OF A PLAIN MAN

(*Continued from page* 11)

the Senate Judiciary Committee, Norris opposed many judicial appointments by Republican Presidents. "Some of those battles reflected no great credit," he adds. "I was cool to confirmation of Justice Stone, nominated by Calvin Coolidge, and he has been one of the great jurists of America." Norris was a man of conscience and he says that a friendly letter from Stone years later "lifted a load from my heart."

Should a member of Congress present his own views or those of his constituents? This question has perplexed students of our form of government. Looking back on nearly half a century on Capitol Hill, Norris gives his answer:

> I have thought conscience should be the guide. Otherwise, a member of Congress giving weight to expressed public sentiment becomes only an automatic machine. If that is the line of duty of a member, then Congress requires no patriotism, no education, and no courage. All a member has to do, if he does follow that which he believes to be the will of his constituency at all times, is to attempt to take such action as will bring him the most votes at the next election. In the end, the only worth-while pay in congressional service is that which comes from a satisfied conscience.

Norris was one of the six Senators, the "little group of willful men," who voted against war with Germany in 1917. He alone among them lived to change his position this time, when he supported the Roosevelt foreign policy. His book includes a long chapter claiming that the President's Lend-Lease Act turned "possible defeat into certain victory."

Yet there is one section which might be read with profit by the diplomats now meeting at San Francisco. The veteran progressive defends his opposition to the Treaty of Versailles, on the grounds that Japan was given Shantung Province of China, a friendly power. "Here were 30,000,000 people of Chinese blood," he writes, "to be placed under brutal Japanese rule." Norris also recalls that during the Versailles debate he denounced the placing under Japanese mandate of the German islands north of the equator. "When Japan gets those islands fortified," Norris predicted in 1919, "she will not be so distant from us as she has been heretofore."

The aged Senator ended his career in political defeat but he closes his autobiography with the conviction that liberalism will endure. The book is the testament of a plain man with a kindly soul. Unlike his friend Roosevelt, he was not an inspirational leader. Yet he had qualities of spirit which made thousands look to him for advice and counsel. "I have no bitterness in my heart," writes Norris as he closes. "I realize that I have frailties and weaknesses, perhaps, even in a larger degree than most of my fellow men, but I cannot be anything but myself. If I attempted to do so, I know in advance that I would make a complete failure of it. This is my creed of life."

That such a man could have stayed in Congress four decades is no less encouraging than the fact that a man with the qualities and views of Franklin D. Roosevelt could have been President for more than twelve years. It is common now to say that honesty and success at the polls are incompatibles. Yet in 1928 Norris stumped for Al Smith, a wet and a Catholic, and two years later was reëlected in Nebraska, a State overwhelmingly dry and emphatically Protestant. Of the Smith campaign Norris writes, "It was well that I had had some training in the matter of abuse." But this abuse, bitter though it was, did not represent the majority of Nebraska's people.

Today there is a heated controversy over whether such river developments as TVA should be independent agencies or contained within a Government department. Norris's views are definite:

> If the Rural Electrification Administration or Tennessee Valley Authority should ever get into politics, they will fail. I do not believe it is possible to conduct the activities of agencies of this character upon the basis of proficiency and merit when the appointment of the head is influenced by partisan reasons. If attempts to mix politics with electricity succeed, two great benefits which have come to the American people will be jeopardized. . . . The appointment of cabinet officers, however able and worthy, is based primarily upon party considerations.

This autobiography has been edited and annotated by James E. Lawrence of the *Lincoln Star,* an old associate of Norris's. He has erred in not specifying where his own references and opinions supplement those of the Senator. The index is sloppy and omits fully half the names in the book. Yet on the whole this is a text of one of the most remarkable careers in American Congressional history. It is the first—and, unfortunately, the last—comment on his own life by a man who served his country without selfishness and without fear.

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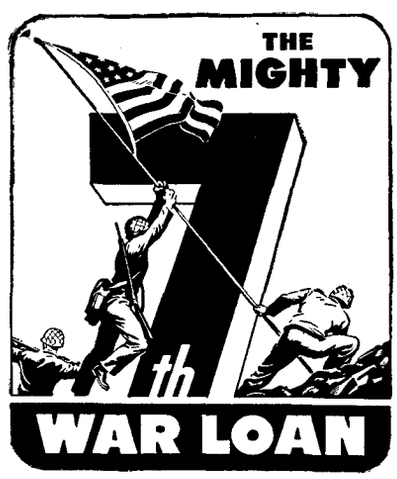

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Caught in the Nazi Web

THE BLUE DANUBE. By Ludwig Bemelmans. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 151 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

IN his characteristically sympathetic and humane approach, Bemelmans tells the story of Anton Fischer, his two old sisters—Anna Fischer and Martha Fischer—and his attractive niece, Leni. They live on an island that they must evacuate annually when the Danube overflows it—and there they raise radishes which they sell in the quaint old town of Regensburg, right across the river. Their presence on an island that at times is habitable and at other times is inundated, annoys the German officials for one cannot tax land that at periodic intervals is covered with water. And so the Nazi Gauleiter dislikes Anton Fischer, and the Oberassessor dislikes Anton Fischer, and the Nazi Unter-Officiel, who seeks to curry favor with the Gauleiter, dislikes Anton Fischer—and so it goes on. The poor Fischer family seek to do no one harm; they are simple folk who raise their radishes and go to church. But Anton's resentment against the domination and regimentation of the arrogant and strutting Nazi petty officials is seething and fast seeking an outlet.

At last, he can stand it no longer. At the Bierstube, the taunts of the Gauleiter irritate and goad him beyond control; he rises from his seat and accompanies his remarks to the "animal with the voice" with slaps, "smacking him left and right until his hand hurt." Silence falls; the Nazi officials are stunned and Anton leaves, not to be seen for some time hence.

The Bishop of the Church—a most annoying personage to the Gauleiter and his henchmen since they do not yet dare attack him—assists the Fischer family by obtaining the services of a French prisoner to do the manual labor on the island. The Gauleiter's ineffectual infatuation for Leni and the prisoner's love for her are diversions from the bitter efforts to apprehend Anton and from the maneuvers of the Gauleiter to avenge himself for the slaps he had received. How Anton returns under cover of night and is stirred to memories of past freedom by the reminiscences of the Bishop, only to awaken from his dream by the suddenness of his arrest, is sensitively and tragically told. One closes the book with a feeling of deep sympathy for the middle-class Viennese folk who were caught in the maelstrom of the Nazi regime.

However, this is no novel written merely for the sake of telling a story, although it is rich in its portrayal and tender in its understanding. This is the epic of a people who had spent their lives along the Danube and who awakened to the tragedy of their enslaved and controlled status, through loss of properties and personal rights. All through the narrative one is sensible of the pall that has fallen over the town of Regensburg; citizens lower their eyes when officials pass and voices are stilled when others are about. One is conscious of the hopelessness and helplessness that have come to dominate a simple people who, in days gone by, were wont to go their innocent ways. It is this that Bemelmans is seeking to portray—this mortal wound that has been inflicted upon plain folk who have been torn from the dignity of their private lives. Anton Fischer realizes it as he looks through the barred windows of the police van on his final drive past his beloved Danube away from the ruined clock-tower, hit by Allied planes, and his little town of Regensburg. One pities him in his reverie that "if, in the long night . . . any light would come to (his neighbors), it had to come from the outside—for those within the walls who had courage and spirit were too few, too old, and much too sentimental." Is it possible that Bemelmans is asking that urgent question how to distinguish in the post-war period between people of their ilk, and the satellites of the strutting officials?

There is tragedy and beauty in this book. Bemelmans has written sensitively and understandingly. It is a beautiful story that all should read.

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Economic Principles and Illusions

THE ECONOMICS OF PEACE. By Kenneth E. Boulding. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1945. 272 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES W. CHURCHILL

MR. BOULDING is the latest protagonist in print of the Keynesian or neo-Keynesian approach to economics—a part of the system of thinking which has increasingly dominated the younger economists. The first and smaller section of "The Economics of Peace" is devoted to the economics of reconstruction, both physical and financial. By the history of the reconstruction period after World War I, Boulding points out the problems facing a society devastated by war, and draws his conclusions as to the errors of that period and their lessons for the present.

The larger part of the book is, however, a semi-popular treatment of the economic principles involved in distribution, and an analysis of unemployment and its national and international remedies. He concludes with a consideration of certain obstacles to international economic health caused by the prejudices of both the right and the left. These he calls right-wing illusions and left-wing—Marxist and Christian-Humanist—illusions.

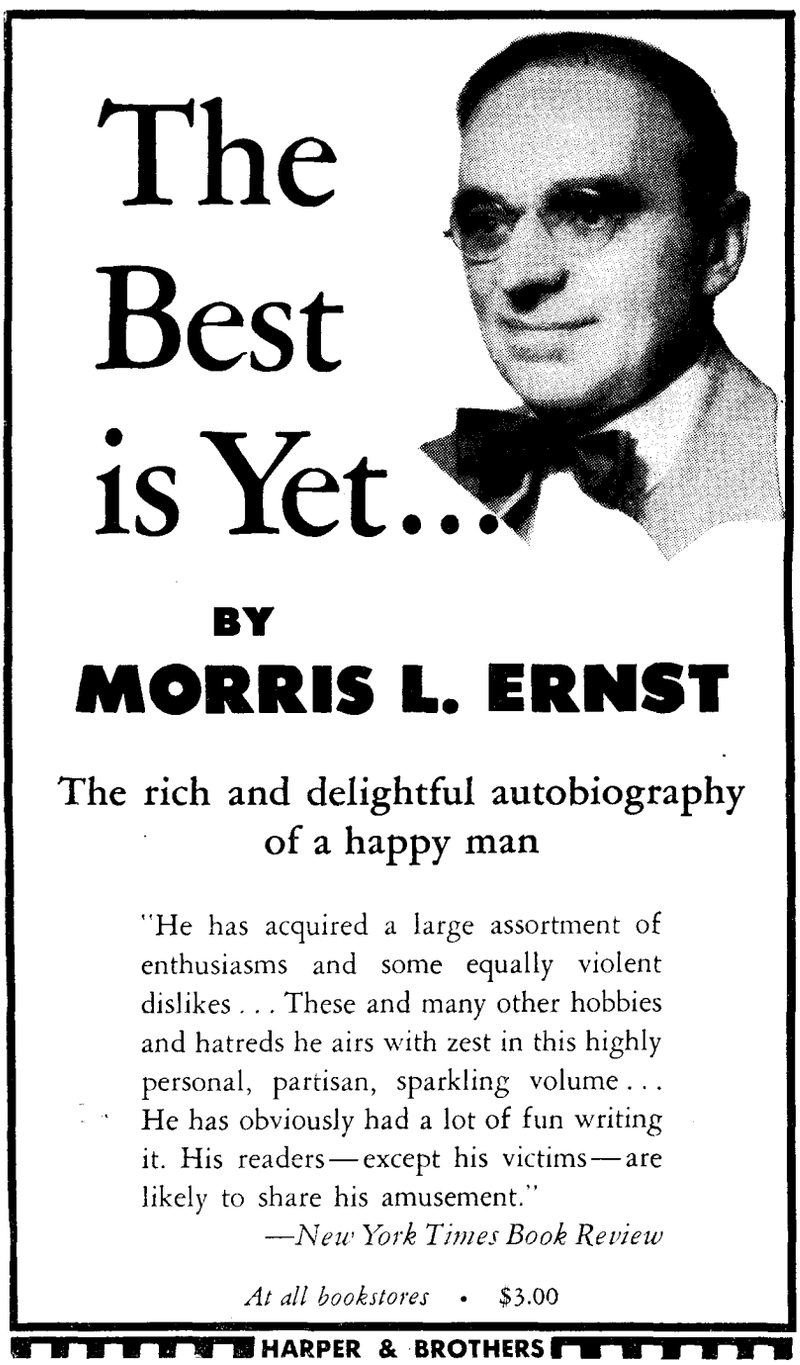
It is certainly true, as the author says, that "If a free economy cannot avoid deflation and mass unemployment, it is doomed." The task he sets himself is to show how this doom can be avoided, and a very creditable performance it is.

There is a certain aptitude for phrases which bids fair to give Professor Boulding a wider audience than the erudite pedagogue usually can command. Consider for example: "Patriotic hatred is, after all, a luxury that can be dispensed with in times of dire necessity"; or, "One may be forgiven for wondering whether all our boasted economic progress has not merely enabled us to destroy one another rather more expeditiously than our grandfathers were able to do." It is a sobering thought, too, that "War, *and not merely defeat in war,* has been the cause of the downfall of all past civilizations."

It has become increasingly obvious to students in the field that two things are true of our economic system. The first of these is that production in our society tends to outrun consumption. The second follows as a matter of course, namely, that there is an inevitable drop in price levels, incomes, and employment. The orthodox economists think that this drop is self-adjusting and should be allowed to function automatically. But as the author says, "There is *no* natural equilibrium level of prices, and in relation to general money prices, the 'law of supply and demand' does not work."

The sociological implications of unemployment seemingly do not impress the orthodox economist, but to the rest of us it appears criminal to permit deflation to run its course where there is no necessity for doing so. Lord Keynes's proposals have therefore carried most of this generation of economists along with him. The only agency powerful enough to arrest unemployment is the central government. Moreover, the only technique of control which can work is the manipulation through the fiscal system of government income and spending. What is more important, perhaps, is that the average man fully agrees that government must step in and do something. He is, of course, not quite sure what it should do, but it had better show some results. It was inevitable that England, France, Germany, and the United States should change governments because of the depression. As long as political democracy remains as the shield of the republic, it behooves the professional economist to abandon the wailing wall of orthodoxy and try to improve the mechanics of effective governmental depression busting.

Professor Boulding's solutions are twofold, an "adjustable tax plan" and a removal of the restrictions on investment. The latter will be dear to the classicalists, but the former will prob-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ably have the patron saints of orthodoxy revolving rapidly in their graves. The plan is simple in essence. The object is to stabilize money income and prevent such wild changes as occurred between 1929 and 1933. The result, he believes, will go a long way toward stabilizing employment. The "adjustable tax system" would provide for an automatic change from month to month in the income tax withholding. "Thus, if money income has risen during the past month, beyond an amount designated, the rate of tax in the next month should be increased in order to prevent inflation. If the money income has declined during the past month the rate of tax should be lowered in order to prevent inflation. If the money income has declined during the past month the rate of tax should be lowered in order to counteract this decline in income and so to prevent deflation and unemployment." Similar results are obtained as by deficit spending with less trouble and abuses.

In the field of international trade and its influence on the economy he is more or less conventional in his desire to see a revival of world trade. But he does emphasize that by going into a depression the United States wrecked not only its own economy but the economy of the whole world. And finally he sees more clearly than most economists that population control is vitally necessary, particularly in the Orient. There cannot be a world of peace and plenty with too many mouths to feed. Professor Boulding has made a contribution to economic thought which is both far-seeing and workable.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 100

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 100 *will be found in the next issue.*

CSXTLCBKC, ZRXXFA MBO

KLFFNBV, NZ SNEC M HMIXH

DACFFCO DNFA XNS.

—QXBMFAMB ZDNWF

—FAXLVAFZ XB

JMHNXLZ ZLYQCKFZ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 99

JUSTICE AND HONESTY HAVE GOT THEMSELVES MELTED AWAY INTO A MIOWLING AND WATERY PHILANTHROPY.

—EDWARD CARPENTER

—ENGLAND'S IDEAL.

The Empress of Japan

By Robert Hillyer

"MY LORD, what are those
rumblings?"
Asked the Empress of Japan.
The Emperor looked angry
And snapped open his bright fan.
"It is Fujiyama speaking.
Woman should not question Man."

Embarrassed beyond blushing
At her breach of etiquette,
She rubbed her forehead in the
dirt
With stammers of regret.
The Emperor said, "Now be gone;
The sun is nearly set."

Within his sight she pattered back
The way that she had come.
But when she loitered by the pond
Half-frightened and half-numb.
With trembling hands she plucked a
frosted
Gold chrysanthemum.

Her face was calm as ivory,
But still within her breast
Her heart was fluttering like a prisoned
Bird that can not rest.
She sighed, then made obeisance toward
The sunset in the West.

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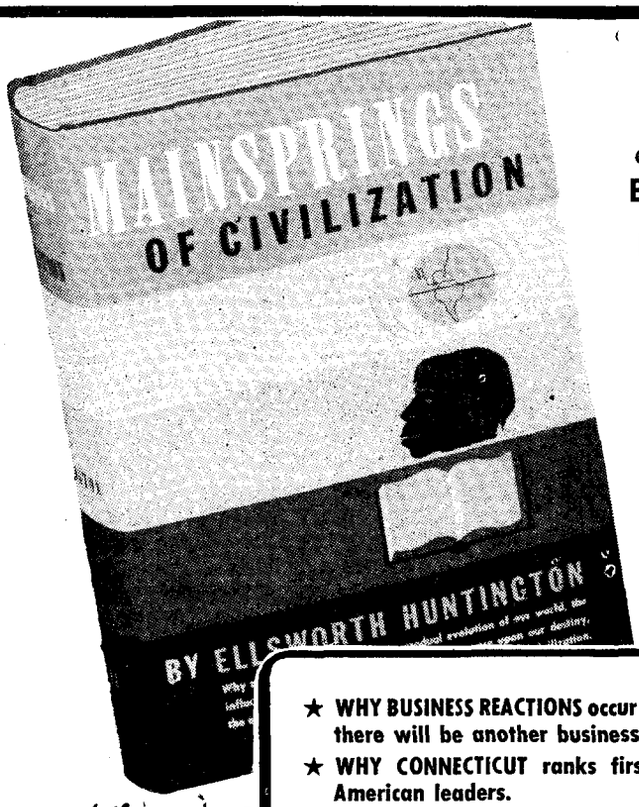

By Ellsworth Huntington

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★ WHY CONNECTICUT ranks first in producing American leaders.
★ WHY MAN'S SKIN enables him to live in all climates.
★ WHY MAN'S APPEARANCE ON THE EARTH depends upon the fact that water expands when it freezes.
★ WHY NEW ZEALANDERS are the healthiest and most vigorous people in the world.
★ WHY THE CHANCE OF ANOTHER PLANET fitted for life, occurs once in 6,000,000,000,000 years.

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BOOKS AS BRIDGES

(*Continued from page 8*)

oversold provided it is worth buying at all.

Are a million copies of Shakespeare or Dickens or Whitman too many? The question is meaningless. We can only answer that a million buyers would be too few. And whoever persuades a man to buy one persuades him to want to buy the others. The same is true of books of all the United Nations, so far as our linguistic knowledge or our translators make such extension possible. There is no place here for the harmful type of rivalry, commercial or national. That is a pleasant feature of dealing in a spiritual commodity.

In conclusion, and in full knowledge that any such suggestion should be made very tentatively by one who is not a member of the book trade, I wonder whether it would be possible and useful to create an Anglo-American Book Foundation as soon as normal commercial channels are again open. The purpose of such an organization might be to make certain that there was continuous and close association between British and American publishers, booksellers, libraries, and authors.

During the war various committees in each country have tried to keep in touch with their opposite numbers in the other country, to work toward a common goal, and to iron out the inevitable difficulties. As in more material fields, the war-time arrangements have necessarily depended upon governmental help; but when the war ends there will be a chance for spontaneous relations between the book worlds of our two countries. One could imagine, for example, a Foundation carrying on between England and America, and later, perhaps, between all the United Nations, the kind of work now being developed within Great Britain by the National Book League, exchanging exhibits of fine printing or illustrations of specialized books, organizing basic information libraries, helping out in bibliographical work, and frequently by its very existence reconciling tendencies toward misunderstanding between the various elements of the book industry.

Many other purposes will occur to men in the profession. In the end, such a Foundation might serve very concretely to forward the reading of books in the English language; and to promote an interest in more and better books throughout the world.

BUY WAR BONDS

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Picture Books and Stories

INSTEAD of tearing up precious paper and throwing it down into the streets for our patient White Wings to clear up and cart away, why not celebrate our Victory in Europe by giving a child who has never owned a beautiful thing, a good story or a picture book? You could write an inscription in it, if it so pleases you, and date it May 8, 1945.

For a little child select one of the two picture books reviewed below. They come from a country which, of all countries conquered by our enemy, was the most deeply wounded. It is a country which is old and wise in literature and art and music, skilled for centuries in craftsmanship. That it will come into its own again no one can doubt. Now its writers and artists and craftsmen are working here in America. We can pay them no better tribute than to scatter wide among our children the record of its splendid inheritance. And what fun it would be to take dozens, hundreds, of these picture books in their gay cover-jackets across the Atlantic, borrow a jeep and a G.I. driver from the Army, and carry them to the children of Europe! Stopping by the roadside and in every little village, going into hospitals and temporary shelters, putting into outstretched hands *as a gift* these books that were born in Poland and made in America! The language barrier would not exist. The pictures tell the story.

It is time now to think of leisure reading for the boys and girls. We hope that some of the picture books and stories reviewed here will be packed with the sand-pails and shovels, the baseballs and tennis rackets that are "going to the country." After the winter that we have all lived through, the older boys and girls are going to ask a high standard for their leisure reading. They are thinking and talking objectively about their part in "the shape of things to come." What we give them should be, at least, *honest* in its reflection of the mighty events that have shaken and are still shaking the world. Part of the burden of war has been lifted. Millions of boys and girls who have been under bondage of one kind or another are free. The story of their fears and their resolves, their problems and decisions is still to be written. The best way to prepare our own young people to understand them is to give them books that treat the problems of all young people with dignity and authority. Let us give them, too, pleasure; good books that have an exciting, well-built plot, clear background, and interesting characters. Some of them that have been published this spring are good enough to have, before the summer is ended, that comfortable, well-worn look that means that they have been read and shared. The *Herald Tribune* prizes and the award of the Newbery and Caldecott Medals will be one guide. But the most effective way to have only the best in your household is to choose yourself for the little children and let the older ones make their own choice.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

OLD POLISH STORY

NINE CRY-BABY DOLLS: A FOLK-TALE. Adapted by Josephine B. Bernhard. Illustrated by Irena Lorentowicz. New York: Roy Publishers. 1945. 32 *pp.* $1.

"BABY TOLUS lived in a little red cottage in a tiny garden in a corner of Poland, a garden where the rain falls finest, the sun shines brightest, and the grass is greener than it is anywhere else in the world. Every year spring comes laughing to the door, summer hums as she passes, autumn brings her yellow pumpkins, and gray Granny Winter scatters snowflakes as she hobbles by."

In these rhythmic English words Josephine Bernhard brings to the children of America an old Polish story of a baby who cried and *cried* from morning to night and from night to morning, until "a wrinkled old Granny came walking across the open pasture" and, in her wisdom, told the baby's mother what to do about it. It is a tale that obviously came from the country people of Poland, from people who live on and by the good earth. Its counterpart could be found in the "drolls" and "old wives' tales" of other countries whose native stories grow in the telling. In most of them there is a shrewd and humorous logic. Even very little children will see the logic in this one. Its translation is so good that even those of us who do not know the Polish language know that its spirit is caught and held in Mrs. Bernhard's wording.

The illustrations, in brilliant, jewel-like colors, are by the gifted Polish artist who gave the children "Lullaby" last year. The story is more robust than the Christ legend. It gives the artist greater scope. She uses it to bring reality to lovely design. Each one of the nine cry-baby dolls is sharply characterized. The background of the village Fair, the interior of the houses brings to the printed page an atmosphere that is as faithful to its scene as it is bold and beautiful in design. Here is a story that will make the children laugh out loud, that will delight their elders with its homely wisdom. Here are drawings that in execution and reproduction are a delight to all eyes. M. G. D.

A UNIQUE PICTURE BOOK

MR. BUNNY PAINTS THE EGGS. By Lee Maril. Illustrated by Irena Lorentowicz. New York: Roy Publishers. 1945. 26 *pp.* $1.

THE story in this second picture book is less original. It has been told before, in slightly different form, by other writers who strive to give little children what they feel will be within their understanding. But the illustrations are unique in design, in

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color, and vitality. The borders of the pages, with the bunny in absurd and amusing postures, with the clear, clean lines of leaves and birds and flowers, are a delight in themselves. The "double-page spreads" and the end-papers would be satisfying pictures to hang on the wall of a child's room. Look at the one of the bunny dreaming under a tree while a crescent moon sleeps just above him. Look at the one where he is asking the flowers to give him their colors while two ridiculous birds look on and make remarks that you can almost hear. Play on a piano for the children the little song that Johnny sings. This book will almost certainly be "approved" by the most progressive of the progressive schools. If it succeeds in bringing to the children the art of Irena Lorentowicz, it will have served its main purpose.

M. G. D.

DRAMA IN MICROCOSM

SANDY. By Elizabeth Janet Gray. Frontispiece by Robert Hallock. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 233 *pp.* $2.

TO an adult reader the story of Sandy Callam reads like a good novel. Its action centers around a seventeen-year-old girl. Sandy is impulsive, immature, guided by emotion rather than by considered judgment in her eagerness to right the social injustices that exist in even the little New Hampshire village where she is spending the summer—in a period when the world is engaged in a struggle for decency and freedom. Sandy's little drama reflects the greater drama that is the concern of mature minds as well as of youth. But there is no immaturity in the mind that created Sandy and her contemporaries. It is wise and honest. There is humor in it, and tolerance.

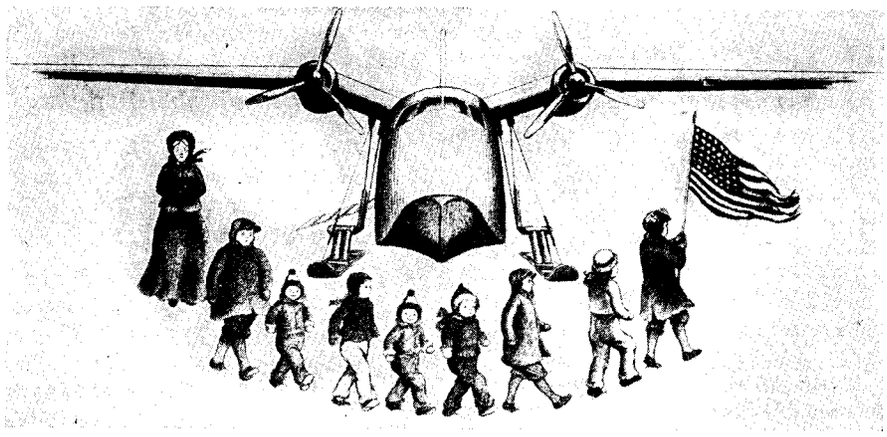
The scene of the story is one of the loveliest parts of New England. The caste is made up of both natives and "summer people." War has thinned the ranks of Sandy's crowd. Her thoughts, the thoughts of all her friends, fly at odd moments to European battlefields and the waters of the Pacific Ocean or the air above them both. The urge to serve in any capacity is strong in Sandy, as it is in thousands of American girls today. And, in the midst of these cross currents and the young impatience with the slower reactions of an older generation, Sandy falls in love.

There is something deeply moving about Sandy's love story—which is really just beginning as the book ends. The man is not fully realized as a character, although what we see of him we like enormously. But what her love for him does for Sandy *is* fully realized. Awkward, immature, inexpressible as it is, we know that her love for Wing Garrison will flower some day into strength and beauty.

Humor runs, like a golden thread, all through the story. There is an auction scene that will bring grins and chuckles to everyone who knows a New England auction with the household linens and curtains hung on clotheslines and the intimate household possessions flung in untidy heaps on the front lawn. One of the more important characters in the story is a dog, a West Highlander called the Laird of Cockpen, who belongs to Sandy. This reviewer strongly suspects that he is based on the sturdy, gracious little dog who is Elizabeth Gray's constant companion today. Only one who loves dogs and knows their ways could have given Cocky such charm and vitality. Through the whole story, in contrast to the tense, changing problems of our time, runs the serene, unchanging beauty of a New England village set against the New England mountains. "Over the glory of poppies and delphinium in the flower bed they could see the lawn patterned with sun and shade, and the river sparkling in the sun and across the distant end of the long valley the wall of the Portrees, deep blue against the sky."

The whole book is enriched by the quotations that head each chapter. We lay it down with a sense of a "full meal." It is a sensitive, honest, observant portrait of a young girl in "our time," beset by its problems, and facing them with the honesty and courage that young people are showing everywhere. They will be the first to claim it. The most carping critic among their elders can find no fault with it.

M. G. D.



—From "School in the Sky."

A WARTIME ROMANCE

A SEA BETWEEN. By Lavinia R. Davis. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 266 *pp.* $2.

AT the Flag Fiesta Prilly had been the belle of the occasion but, even so, Ashley, charming and debonair, whom she had thought so very much hers, had hurt her deeply. She was scarcely aware of the devoted attentions paid to her by a new acquaintance, Cordery de Lorge, a Captain in the Engineers. Cordy was very much present, though, when Prilly needed a friend.

Hardly realizing how it happened, Prilly found herself visiting Cordy's elderly great aunt, a delightful and unique French woman who was his whole family, in the old family house at Leeds Bay—a small, run-down community on the New Jersey shore. When his last leave before going overseas brought him home, she and Cordy realized that they loved each other. Surrounded by the things he had known all his life after he had left, learning to know and understand his relatives and lifetime friends, Prilly felt closer to him and grew to appreciate him more and more. There were challenging times, too, occasions when she resented the small town gossip and narrow-mindedness with all her heart. She rose in articulate anger against the injustice suffered by Simon Rose, a Jew, and one of the best friends she and Cordy had, not only taking a stand against prejudice but learning to appreciate and to try, at least, to understand human being of all types with their unpredictable twists and turns. And every experience brought her closer to Cordy—for they were two of a kind. Their battles and their causes were the same.

This is a fine novel and a beautiful love story. Had it been published as a novel, it would have been accepted for what it is—an interesting and thoroughly honest study of a problem, the emotional struggles of a girl who typifies so many young women with whose lives the war has played such havoc. However, this has been classified as a book for older girls. As such, there may be some controversy over it. The story is filled with idealism; both Prilly and Cordy are definitely idealists; but it does not sidestep reality. When Cordy's leave is cut short and it is not possible for them to be married before he goes,

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Prilly questions why they cannot "be together" for that short time before the war tears them apart. But Cordy is older and more mature than Prilly. He loves her enough to want her to have no hurt and feel no regrets. His heart and eyes are on the future. He makes Prilly understand that they should treat their love as a whole lifetime together, not just "a lovely interlude without any future."

Thirty years ago in a story for older girls the best friend of the heroine might possibly give birth to a baby—a charming one. But it would all be treated with reserve and delicacy. In this book Prilly's best friend, Jane, whose husband is overseas, has a miscarriage. Young people today have no illusions about "the facts of life." Reality does not shock them. They will take seriously books written about their own generation—if these stories treat life honestly. This is a war time

—From "Sturdy Rogue."

romance, with all the brief, ecstatic joy and pain, the dark eons of waiting lightened by faith in the future, by the power to rekindle love at even the tiny fires of memory and hope.

With the characters and the love story itself so important one is apt to forget another quality in the book that adds to its value—the locale so near the sea, the joy in the seashore at all seasons, and the brisk, clean fragrance of the wind. RUTH A. HILL.

ISLAND FOLKTALES

THE WIZARD AND HIS MAGIC POWERS: TALES OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS. By Alfred S. Campbell. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 114 *pp.* $1.75.

THE Wizard of Jersey is a kindly old fellow with a wrinkled face and a broad smile. When his neighbors are in trouble he puts on his Thinking Cap and helps them out. He showed Louis Perron how to get the great black horse of Stark for Dame Perron's Christmas, he gave Louis the black powder that made his cabbages grow like trees so that he could pick them without bending his rheumatic back, he discovered who stole Dame Perron's cake on the night of the party

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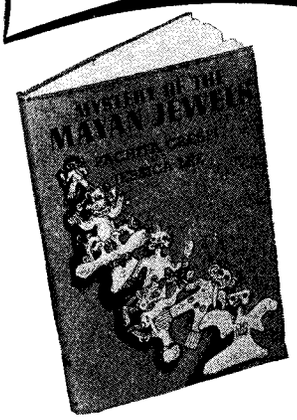

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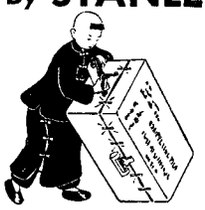
Two Lands for Ming

By STANLEY CHIN and VIRGINIE FOWLER



Kwok Ming belonged to "two lands." He was born in China, but his father was an American citizen. This is the delightful story of Kwok Ming's boyhood and of his journey to San Francisco, there to begin his life as an American. *Illustrated by Stanley Chin.* $2.00

Skating Today

By MARION RENICK

A first-class "sports story" for boys who like ice-skating and girls who like figure-skating. A good family story, too, with plenty of amusing and exciting escapades by three lively youngsters. *Illustrated by Raymond Vartanian.* $1.75

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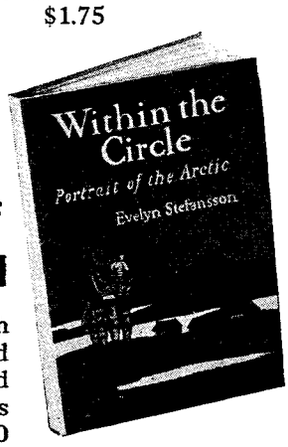
By EVELYN STEFANSSON



"An engrossing story of the chilly lands north of the Arctic circle. Profusely illustrated and competently mapped in color and black and white. Recommended to every one who likes vicarious voyaging."—*Chicago Tribune* $2.50

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—From "The Wizard and His Magic Powder."

—and made that same sinner restore it intact—, he gave the cow red pepper when they all thought it was dying so that it would sneeze and bring up the bit of parsnip that was lodged in its throat. No one could help liking the Wizard. If he had a knowledge of that black magic, he also had a robust appreciation of the good things that were cooked in Dame Perron's kitchen.

With the tales of his good deeds are some of the legends of Sark and Guernsey; the legend of the Lady of St. Ouens who saved her young husband from death, the legend of little Michelle of Guernsey who was taken away by the fairies, not because they meant her harm but because they loved her. Michelle loved every foot of the Island; "The birds and the shy rabbits were her playmates, and everywhere were the flowers that she so loved—great masses of foxglove along the lanes, honeysuckle climbing over every hedge, scarlet poppies growing in the fields and, in May, the fragrant white hawthorn blossoms." She had been told not to pick the hawthorn blossoms—but she did. And the fairies came for her. "Suddenly there dashed out of the crack in the earth a tiny carriage drawn by four moles. Sitting in the coachman's seat was a little man dressed in pale green with two gauzy wings waving from his shoulders . . . ."

Kurt Wiese has made fascinating drawings for these folktales of the lovely islands that lie between England and France. The stories, good to tell and to read aloud, are, too, an excellent introduction to the longer, more literal stories of Elizabeth Goudge.

M. G. D.

PAINLESS GEOGRAPHY

SCHOOL IN THE SKY. By Ruth and Latrobe Carroll. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 136 *pp.* $1.75.

IF this gay picture-book story is meant to teach facts about geography, it certainly allows you to acquire knowledge in a pleasant way. It is the story, very well told, of Miss Peckett and eight of her young pupils from Parsons Corner, U.S.A., who go around the world in a very superior airplane to learn geography at first hand. Their trip is financed by *The Chicago Daily Bugle* to whom they make reports by radio. The plane is full of the most delightful gadgets—how small boys and girls will revel in those gadgets that Miss Peckett controls with such good common sense! Miss Peckett reminds this reviewer of one of Frank Stockton's characters. With the children and Miss Peckett goes Daisy, Mr. Gummersall's best cow. Annie Gummersall is along to take care of her, and Daisy remains remarkably calm and content throughout the trip. Miss Peckett is the pilot and handles the plane "with the greatest of ease." Jack is the co-pilot and Toby the radio technician. They fly to the North Pole first, then over Siberia and China to the South Pole, then over South America, and so home again. They land in Greenland and in China, at the South Pole where they are surprised at the manners of the penguins, then in the Argentine and on the Amazon where they have quite an adventure with crocodiles. They are children who deserve all the fun that they had. As for Miss Peckett—anyone would be willing to go to school if she were their teacher! The long, thin book is illustrated with lots of pictures that are as amusing and as pleasantly informing as the text.

M. G. D.

SEASIDE SUMMER

LO AND BEHOLD!; A CAPE COD MYSTERY. By Myrna Lockwood. Pictures by the Author. New York: Oxford University Press. 1945. 213 *pp.* $2.

THIS is the story of a Cape Cod summer and of a girl who will appeal strongly to "teen age" girls and to their younger sisters. She is an imaginative young person and wants to make her Cape Cod adventure as different as possible from the rather drab life in Newtown, Iowa, her birthplace. So she discards her own ordinary name and calls herself Estrildis from one of her favorite heroines in "The Arabian Nights." Various things tend to lend color to all this. In the train she meets a mysterious East Indian in a turban who turns up again in the village. There is, too, the Financial Advisor to the Shah of Persia, an ambassador from Siam, and some queer "Devil gods" that disappear from a showcase in her cousin's gift shop. From a purely practical point of view these things are all easily explained; but Estrildis manages to make them into a "story book" mystery as the summer goes on. There is also Scoop whose ancestors have lived

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in Hyport for many generations. Scoop has red hair, freckles, a sense of humor, and very large feet which are planted firmly on the sandy soil of his native township. There is something a little queer about Mrs. Bellin, the cousin with whom Estrildis lives. But that, too, is explained at the end of the story.

It is a good story, salty and amusing. It provides enough excitement and yet it is very real. Estrildis has her troubles. She demonstrates courage and loyalty through a rather difficult experience. Anyone who knows Cape Cod will recognize the village people. They will smell the fog and see again the startling blueness of the sea when the sun shines. The drawings are chapter headings that add little to the atmosphere of the story. M. G. D.

A HORSE THAT HAD HIS WAY

MICKEY: THE HORSE THAT VOLUNTEERED. By Carl Glick. Illustrated by Bill Crawford. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 62 *pp.* $1.50.

SMALL boys will thoroughly approve of Mickey. His story is told by Captain Ansel O'Banion who knew Mickey when he joined Troop A of the United States Cavalry in the days when we were fighting the Indians in Arizona. Mickey was just a wild colt when he first saw Troop A galloping along the desert and decided to join them, in spite of the desperate efforts of Sergeant Farlow to drive him away. All the horses in Troop A were dapple-grays. Mickey was a strawberry roan. It wouldn't do at all. But Mickey had different ideas. He had decided to volunteer as a member of the U. S. Cavalry. "Looks like he wants to volunteer," said Sergeant Farlow. "And if he does—that's *his* business."

So Mickey was accepted and trained. Then came the war with Spain, and Mickey was sent with Troop A to the Philippines. He had taken his training well, but the word "retreat" was not included in his vocabulary. "Advance" was the word that Mickey accepted and knew best. He "advanced" so fast that Sergeant Farlow was wounded in the first action. Then Corporal Miller rode him—and Mickey jumped a sea-wall and threw Corporal Miller straight into the Pacific Ocean. This would not do, so across Mickey's papers were written the cruel words: "Not suitable for the U. S. Cavalry. To be sold at auction to the highest bidder." But do you think that the Filipino who bought him could keep Mickey? Certainly not. In no time at all he was back again with Troop A—covered with glory. When the war was over and the Fourth United States Cavalry proudly paraded, leading Troop A was Mickey with Sergeant Farlow on his back. The pictures are full of action and humor. M. G. D.

IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN BESS

STURDY ROGUE. By Magdalen King-Hall. Illustrated by Addison Burbank. Philadelphia: Winston. 1945. 218 *pp.* $2.

ALL true Cornishmen love the sea and Thomas Treludick of St. Chidwidden, Cornwall, was no exception. He was fourteen years old, and lived in the exciting days of Queen Elizabeth. He wanted to run away to sea, but by a freak of Fate he did just the opposite. He fell in with Luke the Red, a sturdy rogue, a leader in one of the many bands of beggars that infested the highways. Luke, who more than once had narrowly escaped the gallows, was a man among men. Tom became a member of the Beggars Brotherhood and found in Luke a true friend. Together they tramped the country roads on their way to London.

The coming of the Spanish Armada brought Tom the opportunity to achieve his ambition. A fine description is given here of the fleet of little ships that put out from Plymouth Harbor to oppose the mammoth Spanish Galleons. Tom sailed in one of them, and Luke, too, served as a seaman. The sea engagements that followed through the English Channel to the north are thrillingly described.

Written in the first person, this is a good adventure story. The interest would have been greatly enhanced if less than a third of the book had been given to the beggars and their squalid living, of which the reader tires, and more than the twenty pages to the great battle of the Armada. A glossary of terms and cant used by the beggars is included.

MURIEL GILBERT.

—From "Mickey: The Horse That Volunteered."

Children's books for Spring

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Retold by Helen Dean Fish. Illus. by Katharine R. Bernard.

How the clever little hen outwitted the fox, delightfully retold, with bright rebus drawings. (Ages 3-6) *Nursery Books Series* $.85

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By Eleanor Farjeon. Illus. by Elizabeth Orton Jones.

A beautiful poem for youngest children to know and love, with pictures in full color on every page. (Ages 3-6) *Nursery Books Series* $.85

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Selected by Barbara Peck Geismer and Antoinette Brown Suter. Illus. by Mildred Bronson.

"A varied and inviting collection that should help . . . start children early on the road to becoming real lovers of poetry." *New York Times* (Ages 3-7) $2.00

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the Phoenix Nest

LUNCH FOR THE REICHSMARSHAL!

THEY gave Goering a good lunch.
Yes, that was a good lunch for
Goering!
He had a good bath. The stench
of a death-camp, or a trench
shoveled full of white corpses, in which
maggots were stirring,
ere in a friendly chat he sat conferring
with our Generals—no, that was not
for Goering,
that certainly had nothing to do with
Reichsmarshal Goering!

He had had to leave half of his medals.
Now wasn't that a pity!
In the rubble of some bombed city,
do you suppose, like Berlin? So many
cities are rubble
since the Luftwaffe bombers decided
to start the trouble.
But he had a good lunch—O they saw
to that!—had Goering;
good hot food that set him purring
like a sleek tom cat—or no,
I *like* cats! *Let it go!*
His uniform was his favorite gray
with all that braid,
with all those orders. He seemed as
pink and gay
as though on parade. . . .

Some of our own Air Corps,
as honorable prisoners of war,
were marched across Poland, they say,
in a temperature like that of Hudson
Bay
covering fifteen miles a day
on roads rutted like iron and slippery
with light snow.
They stood two hours in a farmyard,
freezing chill.
Next day more fell exhausted. The
others were forced to go—
Ground officers still—
without food over eighteen miles, over
valley and hill,
stumbling dead-tired.
One morning the tension grew. The
armed guards fired
on weaponless men. Then, in the
freight cars at last,
sick officers had to stand—all had to
fast
or a few of them were fed some Ger-
man swill. . . .

And have you heard, by the way, how
the Germans collected, among
other things,
thousands of wedding rings
in Buchenwald, from the burned
corpses? Wasn't it sweet?
They *are* so thrifty and neat!

Dear Goering! Tweet-tweet-tweet!
Don't think us moved to wrath!
How would you like a nice hot lunch,
you murderous old cheat,
and a nice hot soapy bath?

Doctor Daniel Gregory Mason sends me the following quotation from Sir John Squire's "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," E. P. Dutton & Co., 1938. It is Squire on Wagner, and Dr. Mason says he happened on it by chance, but feels it is curiously timely:

> For me I am of Rossini's party, because Wagner invented a din not known before, made voices bellow against instruments, was so anxious to reach a peak of noise which could only be achieved by the falling of the firmament that he piled climax after climax until he almost burst, was unbearably prolix, and took his silly allegories seriously, fit hero for the ex-Kaiser and Dr. Goebbels. There are people (some of them slaves of fashion, some liking violent assaults on their senses, perhaps) who would prefer *Siegfried* or *Tristan* at Covent Garden to *Figaro* or *Don Giovanni* at Glyndebourne, and who do not think the Prize Song from *Die Meistersinger* glutinous. I am not one of them, nor ever was: and yet what powers he had!—as Schumann, who wrung his hands over him very early, recognized.

It has always seemed to me that the suppressed violence of our enemies took delight in Wagner for the same reason that Hitler did, even though the latter was not a German. But that was the side of the German nature upon which he played, and which most appealed to him; the violent emotionalism which he could so easily whip into fanaticism. The brass, by the way, of General Jodl's remark that the German people had "achieved and suffered more than perhaps any other people," is perfectly characteristic of that nation; but it has been equalled in a recent issue of our own *Life,* wherein (April 23rd) William S. Schlamm, in an article on "Hitler" (whom he heartily condemns) remarks in passing, with reference to the high per-capita consumption by the Germans of soap, toilet paper, and beer, "that the civilized world simply refused to consider them a case of savagery. And the civilized world is right. The Germans are no savages. In fact, they are idealists. They step on your feet only because they are always reaching for the stars;" and a page or so later I find him saying "The Germans, an idealistic people, also overrate science, as romanticists so often do. Their yardstick of valuation has always been, 'Does it work?'—not, 'Should it work?' They killed children in Warsaw, scientifically, and burned Jews everywhere, methodically, not because they were sadists, but because they thought it would work." Thought *what* would work? That a wholesale massacre of the Jewish people would accomplish *what?* I was really amazed by these remarks. Mr. Schlamm claims they were intended ironically.

* * *

I hope that this idealistic, romantic, savage, brutal, half-witted people are deprived for all time of any weapons that will again enable them to murder unarmed people, to beat them with clubs, to burn them in ovens, to starve them to death, to indulge in all the filthy sadism in which they have indulged. But of course they say that they never knew of the existence of the death camps, that they had no idea that defenseless people were being beaten to a pulp, disposed of by maniac doctors because they were "inferior," tortured and destroyed in all manner of ways, and starved into living skeletons. They never knew about it. They never saw it. They never heard of it. It was never referred to. Their armies looted and plundered all Europe; and they were well-fed, well-clothed, and presumably happy in their Slave State. Indeed!

* * *

AT THE GRAVE OF A PESSIMIST

Here lies a man with a sneer upon his
face
His nose thin-nostriled and his mouth
down-drawn.
He said that he despised the Human
Race.
They "scratched" him; but the Human
Race goes on.

I have received a number of poems concerning the late President Roosevelt, and have been unable to use most of them, because of length or because I have already used several others; but I cannot omit the following:

THOUGH TIME FLOWS ON

Though Time flows on I still feel
loneliness.
In all our fresh green world that
vacant place
Seems oddly eloquent, and I confess
A sense of solitude, an empty space.

It seems illogical. I never met
The man himself . . . I only heard
and knew
A vital friendly voice. I hear it yet,
Its solemn undertones, its laughter
too.

For down the endless lanes of Time
and Space
That voice meant Hope to half the
human race.

ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN.

I met Mrs. Hepburn years ago in New Canaan at tea in the house of Margaret Emerson Bailey who has recently written so interesting an autobiography. WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

YOUNG ENGINEER feeling the "sugar and spice" analysis somewhat incomplete, requests more details. Box 252-L.

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HOUSEWORKER for country 30 miles from New York. 2 adults, 2 children, nurse for children, no laundry, small house, all modern conveniences, light cooking, salary $110. Older woman preferred. Kennedy, New City, N. Y., telephone NEW CITY 2141.

YOUNG MAN would like to correspond with fellow-enthusiasts for the works of Thomas Mann. Box 253-L.

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YOUNG WOMAN, common ordinary human being, would dearly appreciate sincere correspondence friends. Box 264-L.

NAVY WIFE may have pleasant summer in Berkshires for self and child in return for moderate amount of help with canning under easiest possible conditions. Further plans if mutually desired. MRS. W. M. CRANE, MORNING FACE, RICHMOND, MASS.

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PERSONALS

AGENT WILL CONSIDER signing new promising authors with some selling record, especially book and playwrights. Box 380-L.

I WONDER if a female young in spirit if not in age would care to correspond with a spirited male. Box 378-L.

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AUTHOR, MALE, completing novel, seeks part-time work in country for maintenance. Woodstock, New York area preferred. Box 371-L.

PERSONALS

SECRETARY—PART OR FULL TIME—by writer. Three days each week in country, extra time in city. New York experience required. $8.00 a day and travel expenses. Mrs. Paul Rie, Honey Brook Farm, Honey Brook, Pa.

WANTED—Successful popular writer with understanding of problems of alcoholism and convictions on the subject. "Tell all." Box 392-L.

WOULD MATURE, educated country gentleman enjoy correspondence with refined lady interested books, nature, current affairs? Box 393-L.

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THE MOORS, Vinalhaven, Maine. A pension near the sea. Informal tranquility. Weekly rates $35., $40. Lower in June.

HAPPY REFINED FEMININE NEWCOMER, eastern seaboard, would correspond with cultured, conventional (not stuffy), modernly alert man somewhat past middle age. Box 389-L.

COLLEGE MAN—fed up with city, craving independent, active country life—turned farmer, surely would welcome hearing from girl of similar convictions. Box 390-L.

TEA TREAT! Pamper your palate with the full, rich flavor of fine Darjeeling—Delicious hot or iced—$1.55 lb., postpaid. CARAVEL, 126 Maiden Lane, N. Y. C.

COTTAGE DESIRED by teacher and wife on north shore of lake in Maine, New Hampshire, or New York. July, August. Privacy. Box 333-L.

LIBRARIAN, MALE, TRAINED, 2½ years' experience, reference, government documents, periodicals, cataloging, wants college or public position. Box 315-L.

FOR RENT, cottage, 4 double bedrooms, large sleeping porch, 3 baths, shower. Completely equipped. Two-car garage. Keene Valley, New York. Adirondack bus passes driveway. Moderate rent for season. AGENT: JOHN MORRISON, KEENE VALLEY, N. Y.

PLAN TO VACATION in quaint Boothbay Harbor, Maine, and paint. Anson K. Cross Art School. Vision-training method. "Eight to eighty." Charcoal, Oil, Water-color. Landscape, Portrait. College credit certificate. Circular on request. G. R. Brigham, Ph.D., Director. Also Home Study Extension Courses.

EXPERIENCED, CONSCIENTIOUS WOMAN wants to assist manager of fine tea room. Also able to work in any capacity of food preparation if emergency arises. Box 387-L.

WOULD A LADY WHO CAN COOK and with a child of school age be interested in position as working housekeeper for middle-aged couple in suburban Philadelphia? Careful references expected and given. Pleasant home surroundings for right person. Box 388-L.

(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 41*)

PROFESSIONAL MAN, needing change to rural living, wants job in village or country store, inn, etc., where ultimately he may purchase interest in ownership. Box 373-L.

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YOUNG WOMAN, well-educated, mature, seeks summer employment. No stenographic. Box 321-L.

MEXICO-BOUND ON A SHOESTRING—July 1. Three college graduates who know Spanish, will undertake any commissions. Box 381-L.

MUSICIANS: Join orchestra for folk and social dancing this fall. (NYC) Box 382-L.

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Want to write for publication?—Our meetings are dedicated to candid criticism and brutal frankness—VANGUARD, Box 383-L.

TEACHER, 50, desires summer work, June first, in summer resort—New England preferred. Box 384-L.

COTTAGE ON CONNECTICUT SOUND—Professional woman with car, commuter, seeks congenial couple as guests June 1 to Labor Day. Box 385-L.

FOR SALE—Electric refrigerator, stove, complete with new four-room house, land, wonderful view on coast of Maine, north of Portland. Other property. For information, write Box 329-L.

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WANTED: TEMPORARY or PERMANENT position in foreign country by young lady. Experience: Secretarial, figures, traveling. Personality: Adaptable, congenial, patient, trustworthy. Available in June. Box 323-L.

HALF INTEREST in unfinished novel for sale. Purpose hospitalize loved one now. Box 322-L.

WOMAN, experienced in directing and reporting non-technical research, editorial work, manuscript-doctoring, information service, available for permanent position anywhere. Familiar with Washington and New York sources. Box 325-L.

COLLEGE TEACHER wants summer work Atlantic Coast. Live in home, companion or tutor. Trained reader. Box 326-L.

REFINED, middle-aged woman will take charge of a small adolescent, or adult motherless family for summer. Desire and will help create pleasant, congenial home. Drive car. Salary secondary. Vicinity of Philadelphia preferred, not required. Box 349-L.

EXPERIENCED, versatile art teacher, art school, college graduate, petite, personable, desires position directing arts and crafts activities, hostessing at a fine adult camp or hotel. Box 338-L.

YOUNG WOMAN with year-old child wants summer employment as governess, companion or secretary; live in. Educated, versatile, eager, and willing: offers business background. Excellent references. Box 337-L.

HISTORY PROFESSOR and Red Cross executive wishes to recoup financially by part-time employment. Available afternoons, New York area. Box 330-L.

MATURE, EDUCATED, musical, adaptable widow with cultured background, invites correspondence with a middle-aged or older man of similar tastes, who is understanding, sincere, and has a good sense of humor. Box 248-L.

PERSONALS

WANTED: A lover—of Hawthorne, Voltaire, Conrad, Emerson—as correspondent. Box 250-L.

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WANTED: volume 3 of PUBLIC PAPERS AND ADDRESSES OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT or will exchange for volume 4. Box 336-L.

MATURE YOUNG FEMALE invokes instructive correspondence with progressive male litterateur. Box 249-L.

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AFTER A DOZEN YEARS as drama-movie reviewer; music and art critic; Sunday page editor and feature writer on Midwest capital newspaper, I'd like to try the big-time. Are there any offers, suggestions? Draft has passed me by. Write S. P. S., 144 Langdon Street, Madison 3, Wisconsin.

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

MRS. ROBINSON LOCKE, New York, waxes poetic over that cleverly ludicrous Double-Crostic cartoon by John Leete, in a recent issue, as follows:

A fine young man soaring thru air
Saw his partner DCing with care,
Terrified he yelled, "Hey,
Better wait to solve A
Or I'll be DCeasing down there."

For finishing DCs in air
A trapezied had quite a flair,
Partner swinging from bar
Cried, "How puzzling you are!
You'll finish me too, soon, down there."

Until such time as a mechanical robot does our proofreading, despite the superb qualities of our reader, mistakes are bound to creep into the books. One such error gives me pause for the above reflection and led to the receipt of two amusing letters from loyal DCers from whom I had not before heard. The error in question occurs in Series No. 17, DC 36, Definition R, which reads "Seat of the University of N. C.", and the corresponding word contains six letters. Of course it should have been *a*, not *the*, as anyone associated all her life with education knows that *Chapel Hill* and *Durham* connote two different things. The "children" got mixed up thus with no "Little Buttercup" intention either, as both Mrs. Harry Woodburn Chase, wife of the esteemed Chancellor of New York University, and as Esther Evans, Hartford, N. C., made known to me within two days of each other. For in part writes Mrs. Chase: "The shades of Vance, Aycock, McIvor, and Alderman (Carolina's shibboleths) who are writhing in their graves—and the deeply grieved protest of my living husband, who was president of that University for twelve years, moved me to take steps. The University of North Carolina is and has been for one hundred years in Chapel Hill. There is *a* university in Durham," etc. Whereas Miss Evans, as a loyal alumna of Duke University, informs us: "The seat of the University of North Carolina is *not* Durham, but Chapel Hill, a delightful town a few miles away. Because the rivalry between Duke and Carolina is very strong and because I have not completely lost my school spirit, I must confess that the mistake amuses me exceedingly."

"Why isn't your name on the DC 10-year list?" Thus Sylvia Lee, Bryn Mawr, of Luna Converse, Wellesley, and Woodstock, Vt., at the College Club recently. Replies Luna with her characteristic dry N. E. humor, that "it is worse than that because you sent me some samples written in longhand (and your writing isn't jest like a pellucid stream, either!) You remember? I wrote back I thought they were perfectly grand if you could find anybody with brains enough to do them."

MAY 19, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 582

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 26 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A small anchor.

B. American sculptor best known for portrait busts (1861-1936).

C. Betimes (Poetic).

D. English poet laureate in 1718; object of Pope's satire.

E. Confederate general defeated by Sheridan at Winchester, etc., 1864.

F. Just opened (of a flower; comp.)

G. English square country-dance for four.

H. English poet laureate in 1757 ("School for Lovers," 1762).

I. Starting point for stadium races (Gr. Antiq.)

J. Sultan of Morocco (1912-1927; friendly with France).

K. One of the twelve apostles (Bib.)

L. Class of vertebrates to which frogs, newts, etc., belong.

M. Russian composer of operas, symphonies, etc. (1844-1908).

N. Enjoying close association or partnership (2 wds.)

O. Negotiator of purchase in 1853 of land embracing Arizona and N. M.

P. Not straightforward; sinister.

Q. Marines (Slang).

R. American patriot who rode with Paul Revere on his famous ride.

S. Intermediate agents (Comp.)

T. Predecessor of Lloyd George as English prime minister.

U. Censured; blamed.

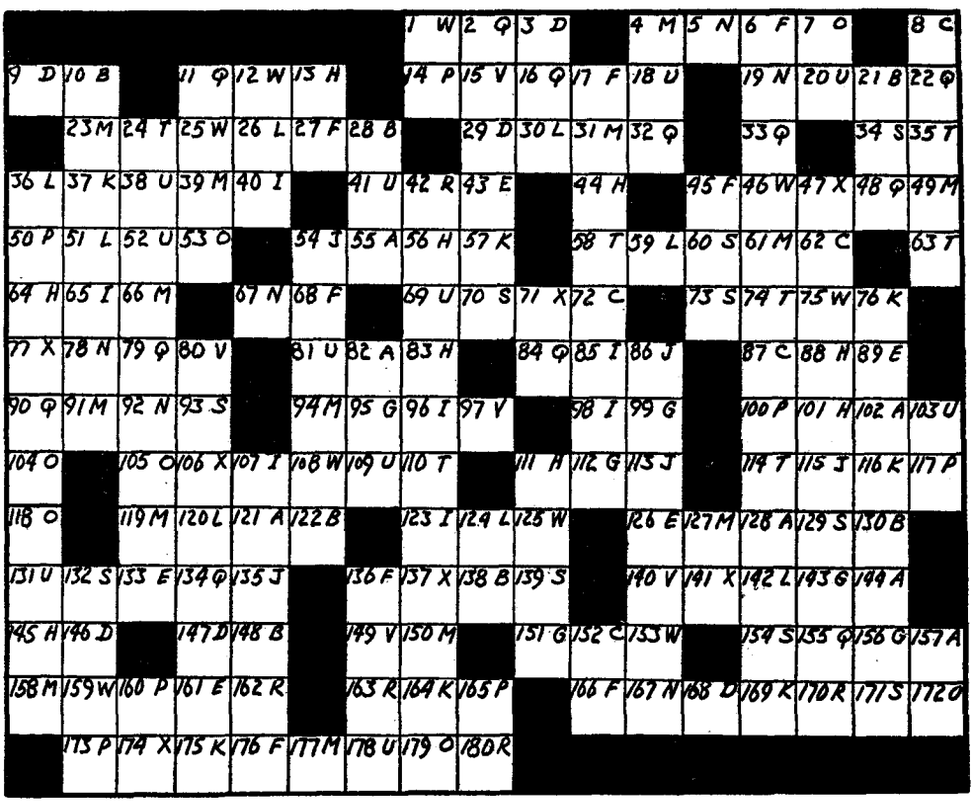
V. Powdery.

W. King of West Saxons (858-60).

X. Petroleum, esp. the more volatile varieties.

WORDS

128	121	144	55	82	157	102								
28	148	10	122	138	21	130								
72	8	87	152	62										
3	29	168	147	146	9									
89	133	161	126	43										
27	17	176	45	166	68	136	6							
95	143	151	112	99	156									
145	88	101	111	13	64	56	44	83						
85	107	98	65	123	96	40								
86	115	135	113	54										
37	175	76	169	164	116	57								
142	36	30	124	26	59	51	120							
23	91	66	119	49	127	158	150	39	94	177	4	31	61	
5	92	19	167	67	78									
7	105	53	172	104	179	118								
165	50	100	160	14	173	117								
155	16	33	11	2	79	134	32	22	48	90	84			
162	42	163	170	180										
93	60	154	70	139	73	132	129	171	34					
58	110	114	35	24	63	74								
178	109	131	52	38	69	20	18	81	103	41				
97	15	140	149	80										
153	1	12	125	108	159	75	46	25						
174	47	106	137	77	141	71								



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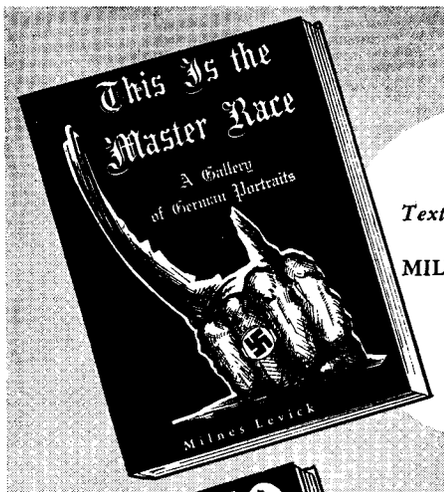

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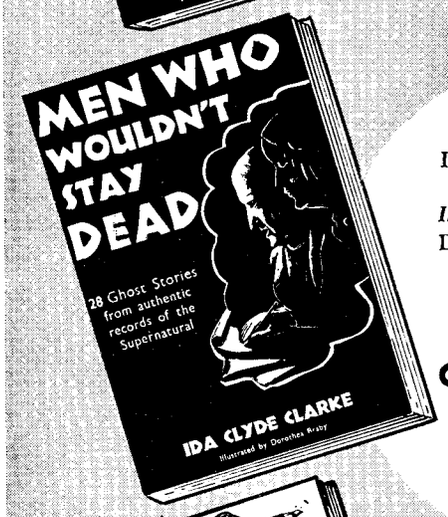

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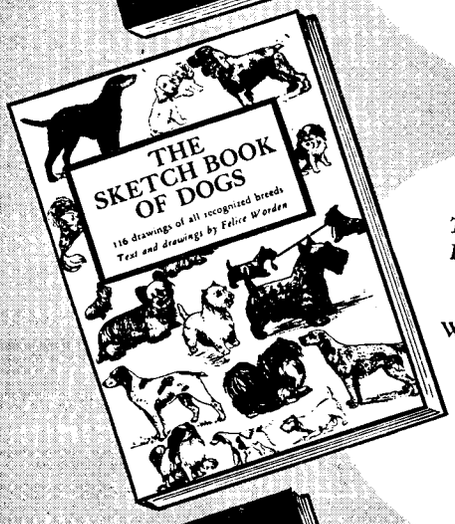

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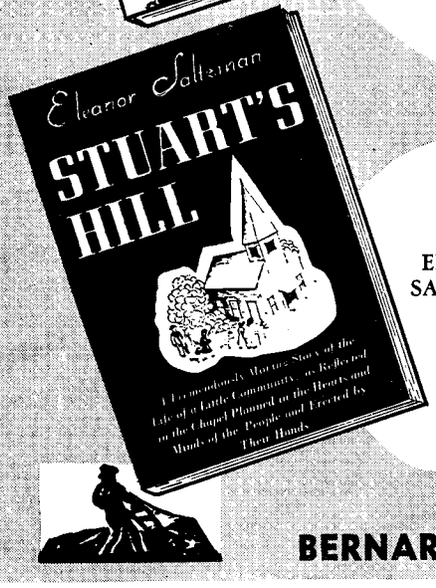

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